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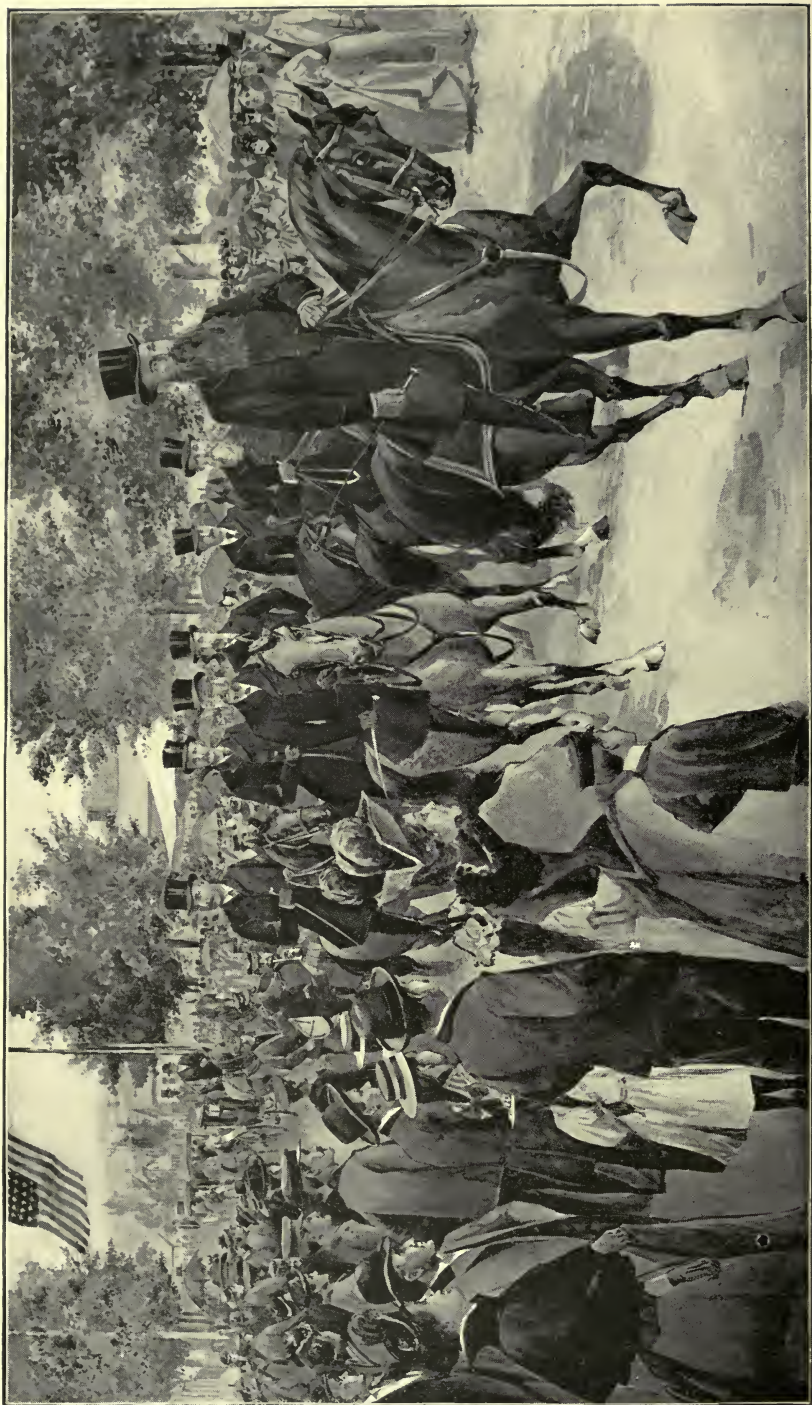
1795-1895

Poland
Centennial



With best wishes
From
Mrs B. M. Fernald.

Feb 15. 1907.



THE PARADE.

POLAND CENTENNIAL

SEPTEMBER 11, 1895.



*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES*

BY

ALVAN B. RICKER, BERT. M. FERNALD,
|| AND
HIRAM W. RICKER.



TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF POLAND, THIS BOOK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

LOAN STACK

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PREFACE.

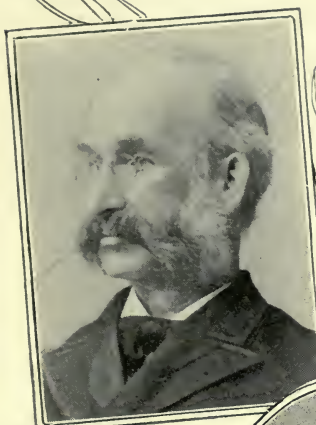
From the dearth of accurate knowledge possessed by the present generation of facts and data relating to the past of Poland, the importance has become strongly impressed upon us of a record, accurate as far as our knowledge and research extend, that may be preserved for reference by future generations, and that, a century hence, may be of value to the historian, or to those interested in the annals of the birthplace of their fathers.

In undertaking this, we have not presumed to attempt a history—simply to give a few facts relative to those prominent in the town's present or past; to its industries and capabilities, which, together with a full account of the proceedings of the Anniversary of our Centennial Day, we hope will constitute something of interest and value to be perused by our descendants in years to come.

We present this book to our fellow-townsmen, and to the public, sincerely trusting that, if aught has been overlooked or too lightly passed over by us, the omission will be pardoned, for we have endeavored to do the best we could with the means at our command.



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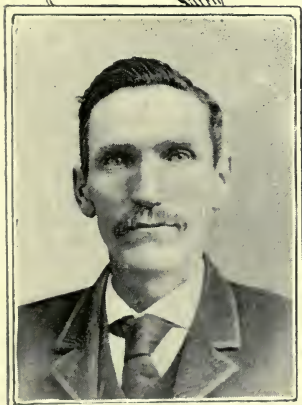
W. W. Dennen.



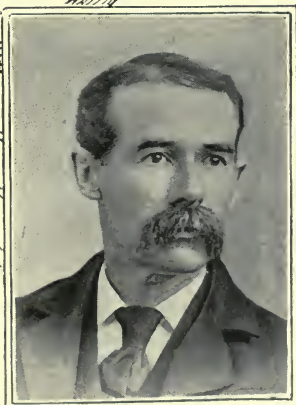
B. M. Fernald.



A. H. Ricker



J. W. Boothby.



R. J. Everett.

CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.

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HIRAM W. RICKER,
MARSHAL OF THE DAY.

INTRODUCTION.

Arrangements having been made at the annual town meeting, held on the second Monday in March, 1895, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of Poland, a committee of five, consisting of A. B. Ricker, B. M. Fernald, W. W. Dennen, R. J. Everett, and J. W. Boothby, were chosen to prepare a programme and make all necessary arrangements for the eventful day. The sum of \$500 was appropriated to defray the expense, which was inadequate, the committee expending about \$100 more than that amount. All citizens were invited to furnish food, and it is but just to say that they responded admirably, nearly every family in town contributing cheerfully and liberally. The morning was cloudy, and by ten o'clock a brisk shower poured down, but despite the rain fully 3,000 people had gathered to enjoy the festivities of the great day. By 10.30 o'clock, the clouds and rain had passed, and a beautiful sunshine appeared for the remaining part of the day. A procession was then formed under the leadership of Marshal Hiram W. Ricker and aides, to meet the incoming guests at Poland Station on the Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad, from whence, after greeting the concourse of enthusiastic friends who had come to join in paying tribute to the beloved old town, it moved back, accompanied by the Lewiston Brigade Band, through the streets of Poland Corner as far as the cemetery. Here a halt was called, and a dirge played, with muffled drums, in honor of our loyal dead. Thence the line moved on to a tent, fifty by two hundred feet square, which had been procured from Boston for the occasion.

Arriving at the tent, the meeting was called to order by James I. Chipman, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, who introduced B. M. Fernald as President of the day. Mr. Fernald gave the address of welcome, and introduced the many speakers of the occasion. The dinner was under the sole management

of Mr. A. B. Ricker, who was especially adapted for the position, and who will long be remembered for his generosity and businesslike manner in preparing this part of the entertainment.

The dinner was one of the best, and free to all. The speeches, poems, letters, and other proceedings will all be found reported in this book, together with portraits of the speakers, the town officers, selectmen, treasurer, school board, the Centennial Committee, the first child born in Poland, and many other illustrations of interest to this and to coming generations.



JAMES I. CHIPMAN,
CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF SELECTMEN, 1895.

POLAND CENTENNIAL.

After the parade, the exercises were opened in the tent by Mr. James I. Chipman, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, who, with the following introductory remarks, introduced Mr. B. M. Fernald as President of the Day:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The town of Poland is at home to-day to greet her sons and daughters from other towns and distant States, and welcome them to the scenes of their childhood, on this, her one hundredth anniversary. It becomes my pleasant duty, in behalf of this good old town, radiant in all the glory of Autumn, to turn the key in the door, and bid you welcome; and may the memory of this day, with all its associations, be a helpful influence for good, for many years to come.

Another pleasant duty that falls upon me is to call upon an enterprising and loyal son of this town to preside over these exercises. It is with pleasure I call upon Mr. B. M. Fernald, of West Poland.

Mr. Fernald, in taking the chair, responded with the following remarks:

By the generosity of our town, and the loyalty of her citizens, we are permitted to-day to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its existence. Centuries before any authentic record of our history, the savages roamed with freedom over our hills and vales, feasted on the beasts of the forest, quaffed from the bubbling springs, sat by the noisy brook, and listened to its enchanting music as, from its hillside birthplace, it slowly descended, touching the white pebbles in its course as notes on the keyboard of Nature's harmony, executing symphonies which have never been

written, but are playing as harmoniously and sweetly to-day as on the morn of creation. This is a glimpse at the primitive condition of our beloved town, whose name we adore, and whose one hundredth anniversary we celebrate.

Our forefathers moved here, sturdy men and women, full of courage, ambition, enterprise, and perseverance, true to themselves, their country, and their God. They instituted a town, and every year in the century, from its establishment, history is replete with the evidences of its progress. Our early settlers were men of sterling worth and character, who loved and fought for their home, their town, and their country. The lessons they taught, the love of liberty they instilled, have helped to make our nation what she is to-day. The scholar, the historian who attempts to unfold the history of Poland's advancement, will find in her early settlers men of strong and invincible character, who bequeathed to us, as their richest legacy, integrity, honesty, love of liberty, faith in God. Let us cherish their memories, that our children's children, yet unborn, will, one hundred years from to-day, acknowledge us as worthy of our sires.

But, my firm friends, all that I am expected to do to-day is to bid you welcome. As a representative of the grand, patriotic old town in which I have always lived, and of which I have ever been proud, I bid you a hearty welcome.

To the sons and daughters of Poland residing in the adjoining towns, with your friends, I bid you welcome. We are glad to see you. It has been said, and truly, too, I think, that Poland has contributed to Portland a larger share of her business men than any other town in this State. And not only Portland, but in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many other cities and towns where her sons and daughters have located, as a rule, they have achieved success, and we are proud of them. To you we bid a cordial welcome.

To the children of our fair daughter, the blushing bride who married an offspring of Minot, and formed that new and beautiful town of Mechanic Falls, we bid you a warm and sincere welcome. We parted from you reluctantly. You had been in the family for a long time—in fact, from its birth—but whatever achievements of success you may attain, we will ever be glad, and wish you that sublime prosperity which you most certainly deserve.



BERT. M. FERNALD.

To the citizens of Poland now residing within its borders, who have contributed so largely and so cheerfully to this entertainment—in the name of the old town, I thank you. To you is this occasion especially dear. You who have lingered on the old farms and homesteads, you who have taken up the work so nobly begun by your fathers, some of you venerable men, have memories reaching back to the town's infancy. Some of you, young men, have hopes stretching forward almost to the next century ; and although none of us present may ever live to share the glories of the next Centennial anniversary, let us hope that our offspring may be so imbued and inspired with the boundless love of patriotism, with respect for the birthplace and home of our fathers, with regard and honor for the old town of Poland, that this occasion, compared to that, may be but as the faint rays of a lighted candle to that great orb of light which sheds its dazzling beams of brightness over the whole world.

After the opening remarks of the Chairman, prayer was offered by the Rev. George F. Durgin, of Chicopee, Mass., a former resident of Poland, and this was followed by the Centennial Hymn, composed by the Rev. Frederic Newport, which was sung by the entire audience:

PRAYER.

O Lord, Father of all our mercies, and God of grace, Thou has been our dwelling place in all generations, our God and our fathers' God. Grant us Thy presence and Thy blessing this morning, as we engage in the services of this memorable occasion. Our hearts are made glad by the presence of so many of our former citizens and kindred, who in Thy good Providence have been permitted to assemble here to renew the acquaintances and recall the associations of former years, and unite with us in paying the homage of our respect and gratitude to the memory of the early settlers.

We thank Thee that it has been our good fortune to have our birth and home among this people, in the land of church and school, the nation of civil and religious freedom. We know that Thou art the author of all light, and truth, and progress. In Thy Universe, there are no accidents. It was not by chance that this continent was discovered. It was no

chance that our fathers braved the dangers of the seas to build a home in a wild and hostile country. We thank Thee that Thou didst sustain them amid dangers and hardships in their struggle for a higher Christian life, and the attainment of a more exalted citizenship. We thank Thee that Thou didst assist them in establishing those institutions which have made glorious the history of New England. We bless Thy name for the patriotic, noble men who made for our State a place—an honored name in the nation. Especially, would we bless Thy name for the sacred memories and hallowed associations that cluster around the names of the noble men and women who have built up and bequeathed to us this beloved town. May our hearts be filled with gratitude as we rehearse the story of their life, their acts of patriotism and heroism and self-denial—their devotion to the principles of truth, justice, and religion.

O Lord, give us to realize that these fertile fields, these pleasant homes, all the blessings we enjoy, we but hold in trust for posterity. May the lessons of the past recited this hour better prepare us to discharge the duties and responsibilities of the present. Be with all those who are to participate in the exercises of the day. Direct the thoughts and utterances of those who shall address us, that their words may be words of wisdom and truth suitable to the occasion. Make us loyal to Thee, to the town, and to the nation.

Forgive us our sins, and be with this people in all the future, as Thou hast been in all the past, and finally receive us unto Thyself to dwell forever. And Thy name, Father, Son, and Spirit, shall have all the praise, now and evermore. AMEN.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

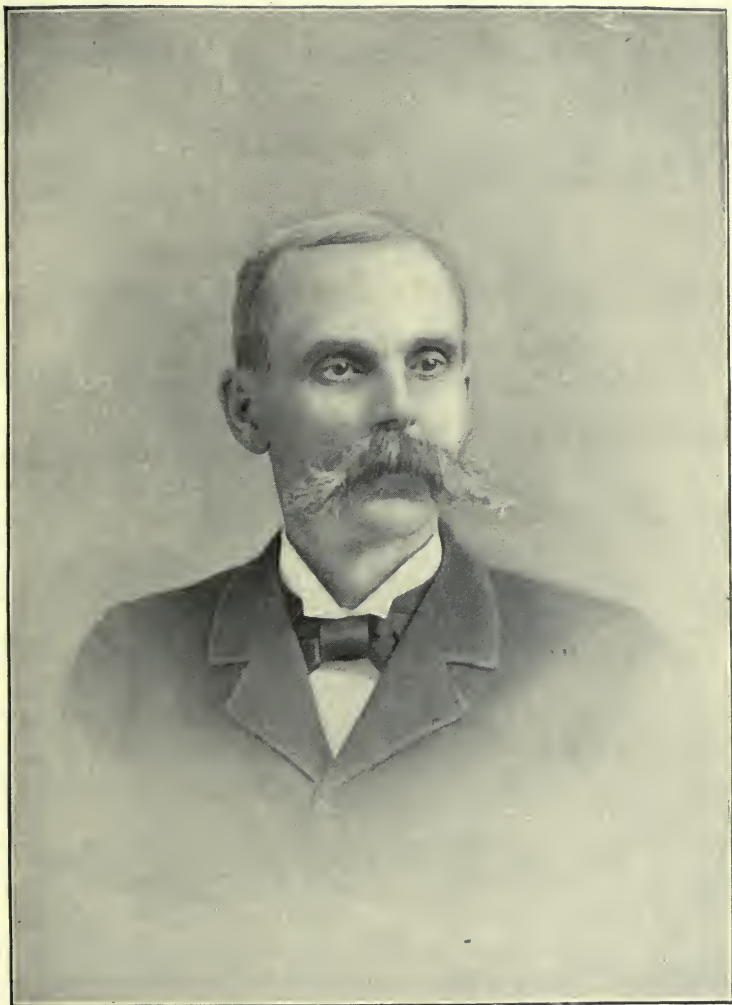
Let Poland's sons arise,
With strains that reach the skies,
 This happy morn.
'Mid festive scenes and gay,
Be this joyful lay,
To celebrate the day
 When she was born.

From mansion on the hill
And homes along the vale,
 The numbers swell.
We view a century past,
Replete with blessings vast,
Perform the sacred task,
 Sweet memories tell.

Recall the honored names
Of noble sires and dames,
 In days now gone.
Tell of the industry
Of sturdy yeomanry,
Well-earned prosperity,
 Their toil have won.

Tell of the church and school
That gave true civic rule
 By which to win.
And still in harmony,
With zealous loyalty,
A brighter century
 Of life begin.

B. M. FERNALD, Chairman — I am pleased to introduce another loyal son of Poland, of whom she is well proud. I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen, of introducing to you, as Orator of the Day, an unknown and obscure farmer, W. W. McCann. (Laughter and applause.)



W. W. McCANN.

W. W. McCANN—I thank you, sir, for your modesty.

We meet to-day to commemorate the Centennial year of our corporate existence as a town. In the slow progress of the ancient world, one hundred years marks but little change in the progress of the human race; but in the swifter evolutions of the recent past, the nineteenth century forms no inconsiderable period in the progress and achievements of the modern world. But four centuries have passed since this new continent was first made known to civilized man. Scarcely a century and a quarter ago, the representatives of this people declared their independence of the foreign power, and announced to the world for the first time the source from which governments derive their chief power—the consent of the governed. The seventeenth century was well advanced before any considerable settlement was made on the coast of Maine or off New England. But little over a hundred years ago, the place which you occupy here to-day sustained a lofty growth of pines, and the hills and valleys were covered with a dark and sunless forest, the accumulated growths of centuries. No sound of civilization had ever disturbed the unbroken slumber of these solitudes; no sign of human habitation but the scanty wigwam of the humble native, and no sound but the echoing war-whoop of the Indian brave. Your fertile fields, now smiling in abundant harvest, were Indian hunting-grounds, and the site of your costly, comfortable dwellings was the abode of savage life. But the white man, the conqueror, came. The simple native was unable to resist the advancing forces of civilization, and reluctantly and sullenly he surrendered the hunting-ground of his fathers, dear to him by associations and traditions. As a race, they have perished from the earth.

One hundred and twenty-seven years ago was heard the first sound of the pioneer's axe in Bakerstown, and the first settlement was made on the soil of our town. The first opening in this town was made at East Poland, in 1768, and in the following year others came. The soil was congenial, productive, less hardy, and easier to cultivate than many of its neighboring localities. This was an inducement to settlers, and inhabitants began rapidly to multiply. They constructed roads, they built a schoolhouse, and organized a church. They prospered, they grew ambitious, and established an empire—the first that was ever reared upon this continent. (Laughter

and applause.) You who reside in the west part of our town, be not envious or impatient, "for the star of Empire still westward takes its course," and you may some day hold the sceptre of power. The Empire built here was not established by military force or hereditary right. You gentlemen of the east were not governed by despotic authority. Your Empire was the dominion of thought, ideas, the school, and the church—the best forces of New England civilization—and you have maintained it well.

SOUTH POLAND.

The second permanent settlement in this town was made in 1779, on what is now known as the Dockham Farm, South Poland. Many of the early settlers of this region belonged to ancient families. John Chipman, born in Dorchester, England, in 1614, emigrated to America in 1650. His grandson, Benjamin, moved to Poland in 1778. His son, Benjamin second, came from Thornton, Mass., to Poland in 1781, and settled on the farm now owned and occupied by Chester Chipman. The farm has been handed down from father to son during all these 114 years. Daniel Schillinger came to Bakerstown from Falmouth, Maine, in 1792. He was the son of Jacob Schillinger, of East Hampton, Long Island, N. Y. He was the fourth generation from the Jacob Schillinger who came from Amsterdam, Holland, and settled in New Amsterdam, now New York, in 1653. The venerable William Schillinger, grandson of the first Schillinger, who settled in this town, resides at South Poland, and was born in 1806, to whom your historian informs me he is indebted for much valuable information. We regret that by the reason of age and infirmities we are deprived of his presence to-day. Daniel Jackson settled at South Poland at an early date. He built the old Jackson tavern stand in 1795, which remains to-day in its original form. About this time came the Rickers of ancient lineage. Later came Capt. Robert Snell, and others. They maintained a school; they sustained public and religious worship; they supported a blacksmith's shop and a store. The little active community assumed a prosperous and businesslike appearance.

In tracing the history of any community, it is well to inquire what were the character and purpose of its early inhabitants. The first settlers of this, like those of most other inland

towns of Maine, were of hardy, industrious New England stock, the best product of men and women, perhaps, the world has ever seen. (Applause.) Their object in coming here certainly was not for gold or glory.

The old Spanish explorers, who made a conquest of Mexico and Peru, were animated by an insane desire to possess the gold of the Montezumas and the wealth of the Incas. Our fathers, most of them, were poor men, having no earthly possessions but those they carried with them, and claims to the wild land which they were to clear up and cultivate. The purpose, then, of our fathers in coming here was to clear up farms, build up homes for themselves and families, the title to which they could possess and transmit to their children; to build schools which were to become the common educational home of the community; to build churches where they could worship in a manner dictated by conscience or reason; to cultivate an exalted citizenship. What grander purpose, what higher aspiration, could actuate a people than a desire to build a home for themselves and families? It is the love of home and home life that constitutes the citizen and the patriot—the strength of popular government. This was the inspiration of the fathers. It inspired them to acts of incredible hardships, and sustained them amid distressing privations. The forest disappeared, the rocks were gathered into heaps or placed in stone walls, and cultivated fields took the place of the wilderness.

WEST POLAND.

The first settlement at West Poland was made on what is now known as Megquier Hill, in 1790, by Edmund Megquier. The great career of the Megquier has been traced in the history of this and other towns, and is too well known to make any extensive comments. Megquier was soon joined by William and Mark Emery and Asa Loring. One hundred years ago, the first Keene, the grandfather of the present generation of that name, purchased of Asa Loring the lot which became known as the Keene homestead. At this time it contained a log house and a hovel. Under the wise and energetic management of three generations, it has grown to the extensive and almost princely estate now owned and occupied by Orrin S. Keene, one of our leading citizens and most enterprising business men. Megquier Hill has long been known for

the tone and character of its people and the beauty of its surroundings. It has become a favorite summer resort. The home of Mr. Keene is thronged every summer with hundreds of guests seeking pleasure, health, or recreation, where they can inhale the mountain air, enjoy its sightly drives, and feast their gaze upon varied scenes of beauty and grandeur such as human eyes have rarely witnessed. (Applause.)

The first Free Baptist Church of Poland was organized here in 1798. Edmund Megquier, William Emery, Mark Emery, and John Fernald constituted the membership. This church prospered from the first, and rapidly increased in members. The history of the churches is left to other and abler hands, yet I cannot forbear to mention one whose name shines more prominently than any other in the history and progress of this denomination in our town. You will anticipate me in pronouncing the name of Rev. James Libby. (Applause.) He was installed pastor of this church at early manhood. He was a devoted disciple of Christ, an earnest advocate of His great teaching. Under his pastorate the church so rapidly increased in numbers and strength as soon to be able to build a meeting-house. In the service of his Master, Father Libby gave sixty years of his life in the religious interests of our town. Earnestness, directness, and eloquence were characteristics of his pulpit efforts. Kindliness and devoted piety characterized his daily life. Most of you can remember him as he stood in the pulpit, grave and dignified, declaring the truths of the gospel with great force and wonderful facility of expression. It seemed sometimes as if he was inspired by Him who "touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire." He, Mr. President, was your grandfather.

In 1792, John Fernald settled on the spot where rests the beautiful dwelling which you own and occupy. This estate has descended from father to son for more than a century. Your father, sir, was a farmer and a trader—a respected citizen. He often held positions of honor and of trust in his native town, and was always faithful to those trusts. (Applause.) Now, sir, with such an ancestry as this you ought to be a better man—I take it all back, Mr. President; it was a slip of the tongue.

THE PRESIDENT—Oh, certainly, certainly. (Laughter.)

MR. McCANN—What I should say, and what is the truth,

is that with such an ancestry we have a right to expect great things of our President, and I am happy to say that he is not disappointing those expectations. You have shown yourself, not an enterprising, but, what we more highly prize, a loyal citizen. (Applause.) You, sir, and Mr. Keene, and Mr. Keene's sons, have formed a new industry in this and other towns, in the interests of farming and agriculture, and it speaks well for the business capacity of that firm that in these hard times of limited markets and low prices, while similar institutions are silent, its factories are running to their fullest capacity. That is the compliment that I wish to pay to an enterprising son of Poland. (Applause.)

In 1840, the second Baptist Church was formed on White Oak Hill, of which William Stanton and William McCann were chosen deacons, and officiated in that capacity until their death, a period of forty years.

THE PRESIDENT—*You* ought to be a better man. I have nothing to take back. (Laughter and applause.)

MR. MCCANN—It is hard to be chastised before the gathered assembly of your fellow-citizens and neighbors, but I accept the compliment to the memory of a worthy ancestor. (Laughter.)

This new church consisted of those who had formerly belonged to the First Baptist Church at Megquier Hill. There was no rebellion in this church; there were no dissensions here. The division was to accommodate those who lived in the westerly part of the town, and they ever cherished the kindest feelings and brotherly love for old Father Libby.

POLAND CORNER.

Poland Corner was settled later than many other parts of our town. I have not the exact date of its settlement, and cannot ascertain it, but it was somewhere about 1800. The first building was the old saw-mill at the outlet of Range Pond. When the road was constructed from Portland, through Poland, Paris, and Oxford County, to Canada, Poland Corner was a centre of trade. The older men here present can remember when lines of teams were seen coming down, at all hours of the day, from Oxford County, and slowly ascending Ricker Hill to their market in Portland. Nearly half a century ago, the railway was constructed through our

town, changing the direction of travel and transportation, and Poland Corner was almost deserted. And, sir, the thunder of that train, as it comes down the valley to-day, reminds us that nearly all the progress that has been made in transportation has been made in the last century, yea, in the last three-quarters of a century. (Applause.)

Poland, in the one hundred years of her existence, has witnessed the marvelous progress of the world. Half a century ago was the day of the glory of staging. The old stage, driven by that greatest of stage drivers, Mr. Grosvenor Waterhouse, was then seen passing through Poland Corner, drawn by four prancing steeds. Half a century ago we had no telegraph wires, but now the measureless extent of the system threads the continent. It has joined the Atlantic and the Pacific, and we can talk with our neighbors across the continent, almost instantaneously. Science and enterprise, not satisfied with this, bid defiance to the powers of the sea, and we now speak to our neighbors across the water beneath the waves of Old Ocean.

But, notwithstanding the varying fortunes, I am glad to say there is a Poland Corner to-day. We have here a steam mill, a saw-mill, and a creamery which makes the best butter in the county, and I don't know but I may say in the country. (Applause.) We have a sanitarium here, with a medical specialist at its head, and who, although recently adopted, has proved himself, on this occasion, to be loyal to his new town.

POLAND IN THE WAR.

Poland has ever been a loyal town. Many of her early inhabitants were Revolutionary veterans. When the war of 1812 was precipitated, this town was ready. Captain Robert Snell, my grandfather, raised a company of volunteers. He was assigned a position under the command of Gen. Stark, and ordered to report at Burlington, Vt., on the shores of Lake Champlain. Captain Snell served in the war of the Revolution as a body guard for his father, who held a captain's commission. He was a brave and gallant officer, and did valiant service. (Applause.) Later, the terrific thunders of Civil War burst upon us, and this temple of liberty was rocked to its foundation. To the Government's call for support Poland responded with alacrity. Many of

you will remember those exciting times of 1861 to 1865, when the destiny of this republic hung on the fortunes of war. Thirty-three years ago this very day, at an adjourned meeting held for the purpose of raising money for the support of the war, William P. Frye was president, and addressed the meeting. Mr. Frye was then young—in the prime of early manhood. He delivered a glowing and patriotic speech, which gave promise of the future orator and statesman. His patriotic utterances found ready and hearty response from the loyal heart of Poland. (Applause.) On that day some of our most promising young men enlisted in “the ranks of war.” I am speaking from memory, and cannot give the doings of that occasion in detail; but I remember that Alvin F. Foss and Joseph H. Freeman, students and teachers, left their schools, and enrolled their names among the defenders of their country. Mr. Foss had long since passed over to the great majority. Captain Freeman has, since the close of the war, won honorable distinction in that great State which gave the country its greatest President and the world its noblest martyr, Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.) Captain Freeman was expected here to-day to respond to the sentiment, “Poland in the War.” We regret his enforced absence, as his presence and eloquent tongue would have added so much to this occasion. You will remember, at that time, the general muster held at Megquier Hill, in the field in front of Orrin S. Keene’s. This town assumed a decided military appearance. There was martial music; training of both infantry and cavalry. The speeches that followed voiced but one sentiment, that of prosecuting the war at all hazards to a successful issue; that the flag of the fathers must float over every State of this Union, the emblem of sovereign power. The town of Poland furnished during the War of the Rebellion, including enlistments, more than three hundred men—more than half of her able-bodied citizens. The town voted her treasure with a lavish hand in support of the families dependent on those who accepted the chances of a soldier’s life. Fifty thousand dollars and the lives and health of many of our best citizens were the sacrifice that Poland laid on the altar of her country. (Applause.) As reckoned by the average human life, nearly a generation has passed since the close of that great struggle,

yet we see veterans limping along our streets, empty-sleeved, worn and battle-scarred, souvenirs of their own and their country's glory. (Applause.) Scores of thousands of our best citizens and countless millions of treasure were freely offered in their country's defense. But the republic rose from her great distress, mightier, purer than before, more worthy of men's devotion and God's favor. The great achievements of our veterans were the re-establishment of self-government, the maintenance of our nationality, the preservation of this Union of States, and the destruction of American slavery. In your name and behalf, we present our country to the world to-day without a master, and without a slave. We present the flag of the fathers, the emblem of union and nationality. We present to-day, "Not a confederacy of independent warring and jarring States, but a nation, sovereign, grand and free." With pride we recall the great names developed in that great struggle, both in the council chambers of the nation and in the field. What American is there insensible to his country's glory, that his heart does not quicken to a warmer patriotism, and pulsate with a loftier manhood, as he remembers the great action and unselfish life of Abraham Lincoln, the noblest of our Martyred dead; of Seward; of Douglass; of Stanton; of Fessenden; of Sumner, and others?

So, too, in the field, who does not point with pride to that fearless Farragut, lashed to the mast, at Mobile Bay, that he might behold the enemy above the smoke of battle; of that gallant Sherman, marching, like an irresistible tornado, from "Atlanta to the Sea;" to that incomparable Sheridan, riding swifter than the wind, and organizing victory out of defeat; to that fearless Hooker, fighting the enemy on the mountain, above the clouds; that brave Hancock, resisting, again and again, on the fields of Gettysburg, the fiery onslaught of Lee; to Grant, the silent hero, speaking only in the thunders of war and the pæans of victory, marching with uninterrupted success from Vicksburg to Appomattox? Heroes, patriots, every one, but only fitting exponents of the soldiers they led to victory and to glory.

Veterans of the Grand Army! It is with feelings of sadness and solemnity that we recognize the fact that your ranks are fast thinning out. There is no resource from which

to draw recruits. When a Grand Army man falls, he has left a vacancy for evermore. There is none to take his place. In a few years from now, you will live only in history, and in memory; but when, in the changefulness of human things, the time shall come when the last veteran of the Grand Army shall have broken ranks below, and be mustered into the ranks of comrades in the great beyond, the great deeds that you did, the heroic sacrifices that you made for humankind, while on earth, will live on in ever-expanding glory. In the coming centuries, your great doings shall furnish fresh themes for the orator's lips, and your sacred requiem shall be hymned by loftiest harps. (Applause.)

DIVISION OF POLAND.

Poland does not contain the territory to-day that it contained in the original grant. In 1795, when Poland was incorporated, it embraced the territory of Minot and Poland, and the town was so large that it was unwieldy. Citizens were unacquainted with each other in different sections of the town. There were no dissensions, and no rebellions, but it was thought best for the interest of the commonwealth to divide the town, and that part on the east side of the Androscoggin River was set off, and called Minot. Poland retained its name. In 1852, we made another grant to the town of Danville. In 1893, we ceded a small part of our territory, which united with Minot, formerly a part of Poland, and created the town of Mechanic Falls. But I congratulate you, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens, that there is a Poland still, fully armed for new conquests at the opening of its second century of corporate existence. When Mechanic Falls was set off, I, for one, was sorry. I will tell you why. I thought that the boys were going away from home, and would be homesick and want to come back. I have no doubt they have shed homesick tears. But our distinguished first selectman very wittily remarked, this morning, that the town of Poland, in this last grant, had lost nothing but territory. (Laughter and applause.) We have natural resources for a wealth of business. We have in abundance the great products, men and women, to establish other towns, and to create, if necessary, a new county, and still have a grand old Poland left. (Applause.)

Mr. President, you ask me to speak for Poland Spring. You are asking a good deal. Poland Spring has been the theme of orators and statesmen. The doings of the Centennial, and dedication of the Maine Building of the World's Columbian Exposition for a public library and art gallery, are still fresh in your memory. That was the most noted assembly that ever gathered on the soil of Poland. The elegant and accomplished Judge Symonds sounded the strings of oratory in melodious tones. The Governor brought the congratulations of a whole State in honor of these noble sons of Poland. Massachusetts came asking honors, by claiming that she was once a part of Poland Spring, and, after much sparring and some historical references, it was finally decided that Massachusetts should have the honor of at one time being an inconsiderable part of Ricker Hill, and she went home happy and satisfied with this. (Great applause.) Senator Hale made the new discovery that the discoverer of Poland Spring was a greater benefactor than he who discovered a continent. Our honored Congressman, present to-day, whom to speak of as a statesman of national reputation is to convey but little idea of his public service, came to Poland Spring, on that day, to give his honest and candid opinion. And our own neighbor, and great statesman, the incomparable Frye, poured the torrent of his mighty eloquence in appreciation of what had been accomplished at Poland Spring, and in recognition of the magnificent success of the Rickers.

Yes, sir, I agree with you that no one can speak intelligently of the Poland of to-day, without reference to that great plant.

A hundred years ago, when the first Ricker in whom this town has an interest located at South Poland, the entire settlement were Shakers. They would have no commerce with the world's people, as they called all who did not embrace their doctrines. They would neither give shelter nor refreshment to the weary and hungry traveler. I hardly need remind you that the early Rickers did not embrace their faith. They preferred to embrace something more substantial than the visionary ideas of Ann Lee. How unfortunate it would have been for Poland and the world had they been converted, and lived up to the letter of its teachings! I am reminded that their descendants of to-day take no more kindly to that faith than did their

fathers, a century ago. (Laughter and applause.) But a Ricker swung wide the door of hospitality to the stranger, and offered the best entertainment and table that was then obtainable. This was the commencement of hotel life on Ricker Hill. From this small beginning and larger hopes, on this uncultivated and unproductive hill, developing slowly at first, has been wrought in these later years the grandest success of modern times. From property paying but small assessment, it has constantly increased in value, until to-day it pays one-fourth of our annual expenditures. What a help in support of our schools, in educating our children, in building new roads, and repairing old highways! They assume one-fourth of the town's indebtedness that has been entailed upon us. If we defer payment of our debt long enough, with their increasing prosperity they will be obliged to assume half, and they will pay it uncomplainingly. The energy and enterprise which have crowned yonder hill with such elegance and magnificence, we claim to be the product of Poland. While we are justly proud of their prosperity, which has given us wealth at home and a name abroad, we recall on this our natal day, with greater pride and satisfaction, their honest, intelligent, generous, and patriotic citizenship. (Applause.) A Ricker was never known to forsake a friend or betray a trust. (Applause.) There may have been times when we have been a little envious of their prosperity and growing fame. But they must remember, as Carlyle has said, "It is hard for us to believe that our neighbors and associates are made of better or greater stuff than ourselves." But there is not a true son of Poland who does not point to-day, with feelings of pride, to their great success. They have ever shown themselves loyal to the town, devoted to her interests, and proud of her achievements. As we have said, the name of Hiram Ricker & Sons has been the theme of eloquence.

There was one, however, whose life was given in this struggle of developing Poland Spring, but whose name has not been given to fame, a name not unworthy to be mentioned in connection with its proudest triumphs. We, lords of creation, are not slow in sounding the praises of our own kind. We do not forget to mention any deed or act worthy of notice. But the less noisy and unostentatious triumphs of women, we are not so swift to recognize and applaud. We regard it as a



A. B. RICKER.

happy omen that promises well for the future, that the power and influence of woman is becoming a recognized factor in the progress of the human race. Gallantry alone would demand that we place her at least on an equality with ourselves. In the great army of human progress, it is the true men and the true women who never shirk a duty or shrink from danger that move the world on to victory. A great senator speaking of the resources of Maine, on a recent memorable occasion, referred to Oxford County and the large number of men she had furnished the country—men who have occupied positions of usefulness and honor in almost every department of the State and national distinction. Now, if Oxford has produced great men, it follows without argument that it produces great women, for only great mothers produce great men.

Three-quarters of a century ago, in an inland town in that famous old county, surrounded by the wild and rugged scenery of hill and mountain, was born Janette Wheeler Bolster. (Applause.) She was of a respected and honored lineage. She received a thorough education at Kent's Hill, and at Bethel. She became a teacher of youth and a student of Art. At the age of twenty-five, she became the bride of Hiram Ricker, of Poland. Half a century ago, she made her home in what is now known as the Mansion House, on Ricker Hill. Country inns, in those days, were conducted in a very different manner than the fashionable summer resorts of to-day. The duties of landlady were varied and arduous. She at once assumed the duties of hostess, cook, and housewife. Later, she became the great mother of great sons and daughters. Amid the varying fortunes at Poland Spring, her wise counsel, executive ability, and uncompromising integrity did much in giving tone and direction to the affairs on Ricker Hill. (Applause.) She lived to realize in a great measure the culmination of her early hopes. Twelve years ago her life work was consummated. The loved neighbor, the honored hostess, the devoted mother, and helpful wife was called from her earthly to her eternal home. No more that kindly smile in greeting the coming, or affectionate farewell to the parting guest. Never more will the echo of that queenly step sound along those corridors and splendid halls she did so much to build up and adorn. She rests in the family cemetery, near the scenes of her early toils and later triumphs—sleeping



THE DINNER.

these summers beneath the flowers bedewed by the tears of love. No biographer has given her life to history, no Muse has sung her virtues; but the winds which sweep over yonder hilltop, and touch its sighing pines in strains of plaintive melody, chant her requiem. Her life and work remain, not only a precious memory, but an inspiration to wives and mothers who shall succeed her in those splendid homes.

With pride, we recall the early struggles and sturdy manliness of those of an earlier day. I love to think of the triumphs of our fathers, the pioneers of these Northern woodlands. What marvelous exhibition of fortitude and principle! I love to think of the manly, determined bridegroom, leading his fair and no less determined bride to his lowly home in these uninhabited wildernesses. I love to think of them, commencing life thus humbly, with faith in God, faith in each other, and faith in humanity. I love to think of the husband, toiling in the summer's heat, and braving the storms of winter, for the girl he loved. I love to think of the wife, singing merrily as the birds that surround her humble home in the springtime, as she plies the shuttle, or prepares the frugal meal for him who is all the world to her. I love to think of the husband and father, now enlarging his fields, improving and beautifying his home, enduring hardships uncomplainingly. I love to think of the wife and mother, now with new joys and increased cares, teaching her first-born to talk, at a summer's twilight, after the duties of the day are o'er, or instructing him in his letters, by the light of a pitch knot, on a winter's evening. Again, I love to think of them, father and mother, husband and wife, after the cares of life are o'er, its trials past, and victories won, surrounded by manly sons and womanly daughters, with no torturing memories or squandered opportunities, no unavailing regrets of wrong doing or misdirected effort, going down to life's horizon like a cloudless sunset. These are the triumphs of patience, love, and trust. They lived, they toiled, they died, unknown. Their names are not recorded on the scroll of fame, but they are written in the Lamb's book of Life. These are successes worthy of emulation, examples worthy of our imitation. They did the best they could with their surroundings—angels could do no more.

THE DINNER.

It is but just to say that the dinner was one of the finest ever served under a tent, having been contributed and prepared by the generous and public-spirited women of Poland. The coffee was furnished by our liberal and enterprising townsman, Mr. James S. Sanborn, of Chase & Sanborn, Boston, one of the largest coffee exporting houses of this country, and all was served under the personal supervision and careful management of Mr. A. B. Ricker.

After the feast came toasts and speeches, Mr. Fernald opening with the following introduction:

We are eminently honored to-day by a distinguished citizen of Androscoggin County. I have the pleasure of introducing to you a man whose words and deeds have been heard and read from Maine to California, from Canada to the sea. Allow me to introduce to you the Honorable Nelson Dingley, who will respond to the toast, "The Future of Our Country." (Applause.)

HON. NELSON DINGLEY, Jr.—Mr. President, Sons and Daughters of Poland: Perhaps I owe you an apology for disturbing the conversation in which 3,000 of the Sons and Daughters of Poland seem to be interested. I promise you, however, that, if you will give me your attention, I will detain you but a very few minutes. I feel that it is good to be here, my friends. The only regret that I have is that I was not born in Poland. (Applause.) And yet, I did the next best thing to it. I was born in an adjoining town. (Applause.) I am not sure but the fact that the northerly and westerly breezes from Poland, sweeping down the Androscoggin, over my cradle, are something that I ought to acknowledge as a personal boon to-day. (Applause.)

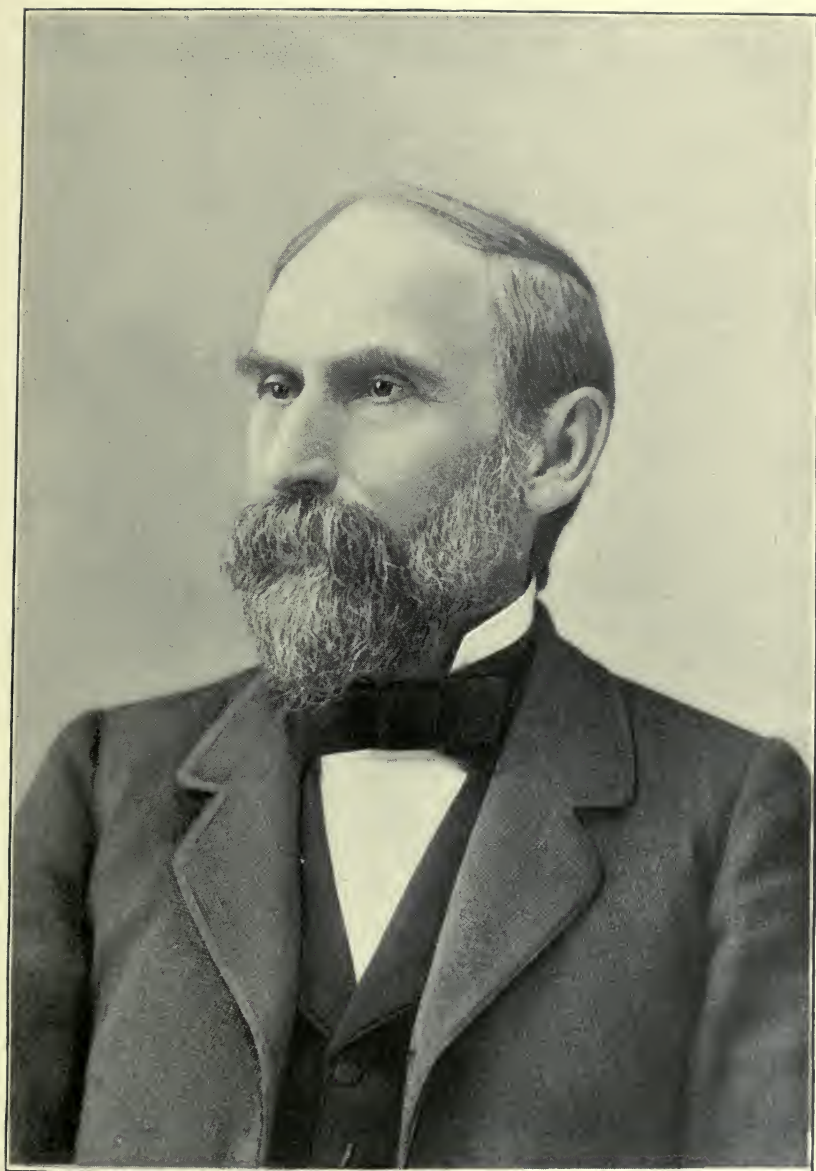
I have been thinking, Mr. President, as I have been listening to the entertaining story of Poland as a town, how interesting it would be if some seer, endowed with prophetic vision, could stand here to-day, and tell us what Poland, and what this grand republic, will be one hundred years hence; what 1995 will bring to those who are to follow in our footsteps at the second Centennial of Poland.

And yet, my friends, if history is philosophy teaching by

example, as it certainly is; if what has been shall be repeated in the hereafter; if the story of the past is valuable only as it illuminates the path of the future, then I am sure, Mr. President, that in departing in your programme for a few moments from the story of the probabilities of the future, you have done wisely and well. For, my friends, life presents itself to us not simply as an isolated event of the present, but also as stretching far into the future. Those who are to come after us have our example and our work to aid them in whatever they shall undertake. And yet, bearing in mind that the growth of the Poland of 1795 is the growth not only of the Poland of to-day, but of Minot, of Auburn, and of Mechanic Falls, I call to mind that the population here, which one hundred years ago numbered but a few hundred, in a century has risen to at least 17,000, engaged in all the diversified pursuits which befit and ennoble the civilization of to-day.

What shall this territory be in the future? It requires, my friends, no prophetic vision, looking forward by the imagination one hundred years, to picture, in the territory of the Poland of 1995, a population of not less than one hundred thousand, engaged in not only all lines of manufacture, but also in all the diversified industries of to-day, and in all the diversified industries of the future which the inventive genius of the American citizen shall devise.

What of this grand Republic, my friends, in the future? I am aware that Carlyle, in one of his gloomy papers, has pictured the American Republic in 1995 as a thing of the past. I am aware that he has predicted that the free institutions which we have here established so successfully will, within a century, have perished, and demonstrated the impossibility of free government. But I have lived long enough, my friends, to see many of such dire predictions with respect to the progress of our institutions come to naught. When I reflect that the flag of this Republic, when the town of Poland was incorporated in 1795, had only fifteen stars, the original thirteen, and Kentucky and Vermont, which had been added after the framing of the Constitution, and that to-day, in that same starry emblem, are found forty-four stars, with the forty-fifth soon to be added; when I remember, too, Mr. President, that this country has doubled its territorial limits since the town of Poland was incorporated; when I consider that the population



HON. NELSON DINGLEY.

of this country, then only four and one-half millions, has risen to seventy millions of people, it is difficult to place limits on our future. Imagination sees in this country of ours in 1995 not less than five hundred millions of human beings, a number so large that we may well inquire, What are the grounds of such a prediction as this? I call your attention to the fact that, if this country were as dense in population as Great Britain is to-day, it would have one thousand one hundred and seventy millions of people this side of Alaska; and if it were as dense as Belgium, it would have one thousand four hundred millions of people—figures which almost startle the imagination when they are presented, and when we think of the possibilities of the future.

The increase of the wealth of this Republic in the one hundred years has been far greater than the growth of population. Even as late as 1850, the wealth of the country was only seven and one-fourth billions, or three hundred and eight dollars per inhabitant, but in 1890 it had reached sixty-five billions, or one thousand and thirty-nine dollars per inhabitant. In 1795 there was not a mile of railroad in the United States, and even as late as 1830 only twenty-three miles. To-day, one hundred and eighty thousand miles of railway gridiron the country in every direction, and with the aid of the telegraph and telephone annihilate space. But if the progress of this hundred years shall continue for the next century, who is daring enough to predict what this country will be when the second Centennial of Poland shall come?

But neither growth nor population, nor increase of wealth, nor national power, alone marks the progress of any people. Ideas are better than dollars, and thorough manhood and womanhood more enduring monuments than splendid cities. (Applause.) We have suffered in this direction from some points of view, but, after all, the noble blood which coursed in the veins of our forefathers has not lost its vigor or character. It is in this great republic that the Anglo-Saxon race—the race which, under God, is civilizing the world—has developed its best qualities, and will make here a great nation—greater than Rome in its best days—which shall be the hope of humanity. (Applause.)

You who are here to-day celebrating the Centennial of one of our many towns, are citizens of the grandest country on



TOWN HOUSE.

the face of the earth. If you and your descendants shall be true to the great principles which animated the fathers—for it is such as you who are the only sovereigns we recognize in this land of ours—the future of our grand republic will be safe. (Great applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN—I have the honor of introducing to you another distinguished and progressive son of Poland, Mr. E. P. Ricker, her greatest benefactor.

MR. E. P. RICKER—Mr. President, and Dear Friends: I hope you do not expect any extended remarks from me, for I did not come here to-day with any intention of trying to speak. I well know, even were I feeling in my best health, that it would be impossible for me to make any address worthy of such an occasion, and were it not for my love of our forefathers, and the good old town which we have met here to-day to honor, I should be in my bed. I am happy to be able to say that I am glad to be with you, even feeling as I do—to listen to the eloquent remarks which we have heard from our true and loyal sons and daughters, and from our honored friend whom we have just heard, whose name we one and all love to honor, and whose words and acts are not only known throughout the world, but will live in history to the end of time. (Applause.) He has given us some facts in regard to what has happened in the last hundred years in the way of advancement and great changes in this country and town, and pictured what may come in the next hundred years, before Poland has her next Centennial, providing, as he says, that the dark predictions of Carlyle for America—that in 1995 the Republic will be a thing of the past—never come to pass: and I agree with him that they never can. Then we may look for these great changes, and I also feel and believe that the next hundred years will see in this good old State of Maine, which is destined to be the great playground of this country, more—yes, tenfold more—progress and development than any man can predict here to-day. Although we are safe in saying that not a living soul of to-day will be breathing the pure air for which Poland is noted, at her next Centennial (which I know she will celebrate, for she can always be relied upon to play her part), and while many changes have come since the creation of this world, and many predictions of the great prophets have and may come true, Poland will be all right in 1995. (Applause.)



EDWARD PAYSON RICKER.

The Great Book, which is the Guiding Star of all who wish to find the true road that all should travel to reach the gate through which we pass to solve the great mystery—this Book tells us that it was two thousand years from the beginning of this world to Moses, and then two thousand years to our Saviour, and many of the great prophets claimed that at the end of the next two thousand years another great change would come. What that change may be, no one can tell; but I will prophesy one change that I believe will come before that time, and that is, the form of our Republican Government will be established throughout the world, for I believe it to be the best and the only one that will stand to the end of time; but if these prophecies come to pass, Poland, with her loyal sons and daughters, will be found as true to her ancestors in a hundred years as to-day, and will still have five years left in which to celebrate her second Centennial.

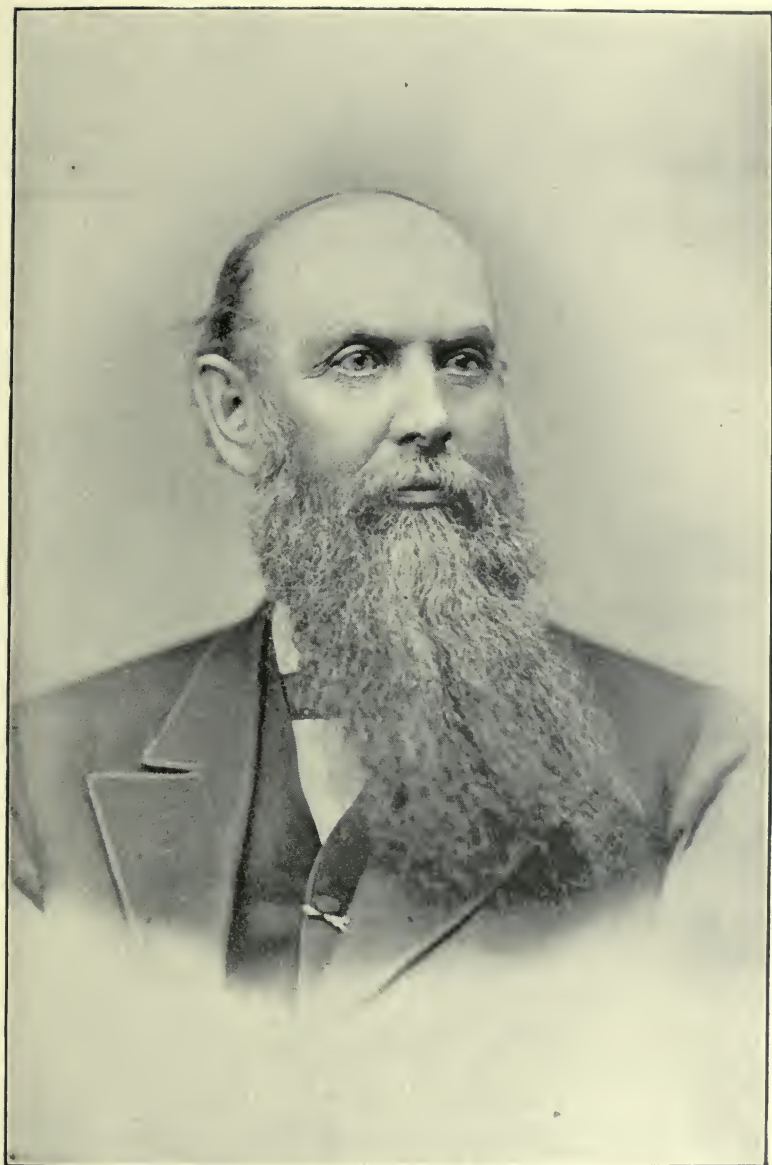
With all the happy remembrances of to-day, and hoping that we shall all meet in spirit on our next Centennial day, I will close my few rambling remarks by drinking your health in Poland Water.

THE CHAIRMAN—I am so closely related by the ties of kinship to the poet of this occasion, that modesty forbids that I can say more than that the next number will be rendered by the Rev. J. Albert Libby, the sweet poet of Megquier Hill.

Mr. LIBBY then recited the following original poem:

“1795-1895.”

In the old years, when all about were woods,
Came our grandsires with their scanty goods,
To climb the different heights, and settle down
On an old land grant, known as Bakerstown.
Through strange vicissitudes, these pioneers
Matched dauntless courage 'gainst foreboding fears,
Lords of the falling forest to become,
Till bridle pathways led to many a home;
The wives, as brave and noble as the men,
Were not averse to raising children then,
And soon the lusty lads and daughters born
Went forth to kill the brakes in burnt land corn.
Thus, all abroad did the hard toilers thrive,



REV. J. ALBERT LIBBY.

Till came the year of seventeen ninety-five,
When legal boundary lines were written down,
And all within was christened Poland town.

Some things there are which stay here, on and on,
While many other things away are gone,
As we are gathered here, the Poland clan,
Her history of a hundred years to scan.

With your topographer, at first look o'er,
What others found who came this way of yore.
In shape and size the ancient hills remain,
Sloping to valleys or more level plain;
These are the ponds that from the heights we view,
O'er which the Indian pushed his light canoe.
From Gilead, Maine, down to the sea beat coast,
No town o'er ours for beauty dares to boast.
See, how our highlands rise so broad and strong,
And range abreast the town's whole width along;
Old Johnson westward slopes itself away
To meet the waters of a silvery bay,
Dotted with island. Then, in larger shape,
Great Thompson sweeps away, and rounds a cape
Another oval basin yet to fill,
Within the vale beneath Megquier Hill.

Megquier Hill—Megquier Hill, so dear to me thou art,
No other place can ever thrill as thou dost all my heart,
Since on thy brow I long have lived—yea, there I had my
birth—

Why should I not a tribute give to this bright spot of earth?
Say, why not all my powers raise, and breathe for it a thought
of praise.

Here, splendid farms, all kept with care, attract the gazer's
eye,

Their orchard groves with fruitage rare leaning against the
sky,

The maples that our hands have set, with hands that now are
still,

Adorn the road with shapely tops along and down the hill.

Farm homes aback, though near the street, are built con-
veniently and neat;

Highest of all the old church stands, so long a sacred place;
The preacher reads there God's commands, and manifests his
grace:

Behind those walls our many dead unconsciously repose,
While, weeping o'er each lowly bed, friends plant affection's
rose—

So, let them sleep—the saintly dust is watched by messengers
of trust.

Our Black-Cap stands against the Southern sky,
The king of all our hills, of all most high,
Since from his breezy height one looks away
To see the masts and spires of Casco Bay;
The woodman's axe hath so forborne the stroke,
That thus is left his kingly crown and cloak;
Corrupt no more his long-enduring fame,
By giving him in taunt a mouser's name.

Drop down the slope, and up the broken land,
And now on Bragdon's smaller swell you stand;
There is no prettier place in all the town,
To sketch a picture as your eyes look down;
West Poland's little lake is at its best,
Cradled between the hills in silent rest;
Her only island better here is seen,
Round as a bowl, and dressed in summer green.
The village and the churches farther on
You quickly follow, till your sight has gone
O'er many a varying landscape, and come down
Into the valley of old Oxford town.

If, through a gorge of woods we find our way,
Oak Hill invites us for a little stay,
Her own peculiar beauties for the eye
In many senses other bluffs outvie,
She seems apart from other heights we found,
And thus our vision searcheth all around;
Old Thompson glitters some beyond the trees,
His triplet sister we behold with ease,
While down the eastern way the sight may sweep,
To find her sister lake below the steep;
From other heights around, you here may scan,

What other hills have not—a Vatican,
At which, if you will climb o'er either slope,
You may at times be sure to see the Pope.

Well, we are up, so let us not stray down,
Till we have glanced o'er every hill in town;
We had a Pidgeon Hill. One sorry day
She spread her wings, and fled from us away;
'T was hard to see her go, but never mind,
Since sterile "Rabbit Valley" skipped behind.

Harris and Bailey, both arise together,
And keep so near they have one kind of weather—
The only elevations here in town
Reaching each other without diving down,
Unless it be the Ricker Hill and range,
Which come around together somewhat strange;
Our Shaker Hill is seen beyond the two—
Its lofty granite block the first to view;
Why went the family to the town below?
Was it because we towns-folk marry so?
The Ricker Hill, what early used to be,
Must now be known with all antiquity,
Though hidden in the mansion pile, we know,
Is the old house of ten decades ago.
So changed about has everything become
From what was once each owner's old-time home;
The living spring, however, yet remains,
The one unfailing source of all the gains;
And all the marvels later time has wrought,
With all the thousands each new year hath brought.
'T is not for lengthy prose, or poetry,
To tell these changes all, so go and see,
Survey the grounds, and scan the Gothic walls,
Walk the verandas, tread the spacious halls,
Climb the long stair-ways, tire to count the rooms,
Pass on and upward to the lofty domes,
And look away to far Mount Washington,
Whose shoulders oft the clouds come down upon;
See all the mountains piled apart, and large,
Mount Pleasant, and beyond, old Kearsarge;
Bold Streaked, nearer, on the right looks down;

On all the parts that make up Hebron Town.
Below, as well as from our many hills,
Surpassing beauty all the vision fills,
Their lovely water sheet the sight will please,
A mirror for the clouds and towering trees.

And here the eyes of all may be made glad
In seeing what from Maine, Chicago had,
The hand of enterprise, and thoughtful care,
Marked well the appointments of our building there,
And, all the way it came, and rose at length,
A gem for thousands here, in massive strength.
Flow on, health-giving water, so we sing;
Laugh at the wonders round thee, Poland Spring,
From hidden depths, thine ever gushing tide
Shall be the people's joy, each townsman's pride.

Cheers for the Rickers, in prosperity,
The same old Poland boys they used to be;
And cheers for all our towns-folk, old and young,
Let Hip, Hip, Hip, Hurrah! leave every tongue.

Aback the river's bank for miles away,
Our Eastern border lands more level lay,
And here the busy farmer gladly stays,
Often to boast of his more even ways;
He may not need, like us, his side-hill plow,
His roads are easier, often, anyhow;
The rail cars, too, may glide anear his door,
They thread the valleys which the hills look o'er;
These also say, who stay on level ground,
We do not live by looking off around;
The lowland dwellers of our town are few
That are not looked upon as well-to-do.

Hardscrabble much deceives us by its name;
The farms are excellent, their owners claim,
And look in length and breadth the Empire o'er,
Where all the lands for seed-time well restore.
Elmwood is here, where Sanborn oft prefers
His country quiet to the city's stirs.
That Sanborn coffee—let us every one
Be glad that Boston lends us such a son.

There is no town with every rod for clover
When each was made, there seemed somewhat left over
In sandy piles, or plains, or boggy fen ;
And here we find such places now and then,
If we were driven, though, with cash in hand
Neglected places might be garden-land.

Our villages are small—we own the fact—
They may be larger, though, with grit and tact ;
New York was little once, and Boston, too ;
Now they are large, with just what man can do.
We should not feel discouraged, nor be cross,
Since we may see at length the gain of loss,
In that our larger villa on a day
To make a little town was cut away ;
Peace, as a queen, had ruled our people well,
Till when at first, a few thought to rebel,
Counsel from older heads was all in vain
The younger rash Confederates to restrain.
Reason and some contention well we used,
Only to have our arguments abused ;
We loved our larger village, and its name,
And with reluctance thought to lose the same ;
But when a boy is bound to thrash his mother,
Say, what's the use with such a chap to bother ?
He'd better leave the home, and have his way,
And learn his error in a future day.
However, since the deed has now been done,
We must forgive and love our absent son.
Let us not listen to the man that whines,
But lift at progress all along our lines.
We are improving, and not going down,
Since a new house for every man in town
We gladly enter as we gather here
At Poland Corner this centennial year ;
And, say you, fellow townsmen, one and all,
Shall we not call the room Centennial Hall ?

The bugle call our Poland heard from far,
And filled her quotas for the Civil War ;
Two hundred fifty-seven sons went forth,
The enlisted, and the chosen men of worth ;

They fought, and many fell among the braves,
And, where they sleep, let honor crown their graves.

Our town has been religious, it appears,
Through all her history of a hundred years.
The Methodists at first possessed the field—
As they no doubt would be the last to yield;
Their noble task has been, early and late,
To watch their ground and keep the Empire straight.
The Orthodox then came and took position,
To keep P. Corner people from perdition;
How well they have succeeded will be known,
When all the books are opened at the throne.
West Poland all round, joining with Oak Hill,
Established churches early, called Free-Will—
That is, the Gospel hath for all a voice,
Take Jesus or the Devil—make your choice.
One pastor preached for fifty years in town,
Then, on his shield untarnished, laid him down.
Thus what sweet memories in many a mind
Elder James Libby, dying, left behind.
Many there be who are not over bold,
And yet, religiously this thought they hold,
That God so loves us—even in our sin,
That He will have us, if He whips us in.
Another class among us, be it said,
Holdeth the faith that man when dead, is dead—
And that a resurrection must obtain,
Before a life immortal he can gain;
But not for what we think, or here, or there,
Shall we be judged—but, just for what we are.

The places where we put our dead,
We walk with reverential tread;
And this is well—it shows our faith,
“That Life is ever Lord of death.”
In far off Egypt, we are told,
They would embalm their dead of old,
From quick corruption keeping whole
The body for the wandering soul.
We are not careful thus to do—
But hide them with our tears from view

In better faith, that while they sleep,
Our God His precious ones will keep
Till His great promised after-day,
When they shall leap from dust away.
Our oldest graveyard, I suspect,
Some think is left to cold neglect—
But, since now overgrown with woods,
And left to Nature's solitudes—
'Twere well, I think, to guard the spot,
That careless hands might mar it not—
And leave the trees o'er these long gone,
Where year by year the birds sing on.

Much as the birds are found, year after year,
In their old nesting places, held so dear,
The offspring of the early sires and dames
Keep the old homes that had their fathers' names.
Nathaniel Bailey settled first in town,
And so his name through all the years comes down.
Thus, Emery, Pulsifer, Nason, Lane, and Dunn,
Megquier, Strout, and True, the century here begun;
Davis and Ricker, Libby, Briggs, and Rowe,
Snell, Fernald, Waterhouse, were of long ago.
But time would fail me to recount the more
That through the later years I might tell o'er.

The century through we barely keep some names—
Fernald hath John and Joseph, Albert M. and James;
The Gerrys, once among us all about,
When H. A. goes his way, have all run out.
Once, too, the Browns on all our roads were met,
And so, a few, we find, are hustling yet;
But soon, I fear, this name extinct will be,
Since in their homes no Brown boys can we see.
The Walker tribe, once numerous and strong,
Hath dwindled toward extinction years along,
So many, loved and worthy, went from town,
Long since, on Western soil to settle down.
We hail a dear old neighbor here to-day,
Whose heart is with us for a little stay.
The Walker name may not from Poland drift,
Since Forrest bends to give another lift.

We stretch our strongest arms, to-day, to take
The hands of many with a cordial shake,
Who come so gladly their regards to show
For the old town they lived in years ago.
Thrice welcome back! We still have ample means
To cloy your hunger with brown bread and beans.
We may not have long time for conversation,
But hail you happy to our jubilation.

Sons of our home-land—daughters, too, of such—
There many are our voices may not touch;
To whom we reach no greeting hand to-day,
Ye are so scattered, and so far away.
But, though expatriation be your lot,
The home of earlier times is ne'er forgot;
And oft reviews of old scenes gone by,
Will sadden memory and make moist the eye.

Nor would we here neglect our aged ones,
Whose homes are kept with daughters fond, or sons;
West Poland all about with pride reveres
Aunt Hannah Snell, of three-and-ninety years;
While down through Herrick Valley's pleasant way,
Lives our old graveyard sexton, Moses A.,
His four-score years and ten he doesn't mind,
But trots about, and leaves them all behind.

So, Poland Corner doubtless will declare,
She has the best of life-preserving air,
Since here are quite a number, it appears,
Who tell their ages over four-score years:
Think of Aunt Lucy M., of White Oak Hill,
At eighty-seven the queen of housework still;
And Uncle William Schellenger well knows
When all in town walked in their baby clothes;
Our Auntie Emery, now at eighty-four,
Waits for the angel at the shining door;
Thus all ye aged ones, or weak or strong,
Pray back for us who follow you along.

From love fraternal, ere we go apart,
Listen to catch some words to help the heart—
Before the God our parents honored so,

Let us be mindful that we bow as low.
In the rude hut the blessed book was read—
And glad thanks offered o'er the daily bread;
Our godly mothers, and their mothers, too,
Leaned by the trundle-bed, when day was through,
To teach the children soon to fall asleep,
To pray unto the Lord their souls to keep;
Their early breathings, and their holy trust,
Should be our comfort, as they lie in dust.

Have we considered, as we meet to-day,
How little is a life—how short our stay?
A hundred bygone years we can review;
The coming days of time to us are few.
Let us be loyal to our earth-born King,
Who after Him the eternal age will bring.

THE CHAIRMAN—The next toast is "Poland's Progress," and will be responded to by a loyal young son of Poland from Johnson Hill, Mr. Frank E. Hanscom.

FRANK E. HANSCOM—Mr. President, Fellow-citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: We are told that from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, but I should fail in justice to the gentlemen who have preceded me, did I not add that some mouths can speak equally well from the fulness of the stomach. However, it may be, I feel myself to be much in the condition of Charles Lamb, on an occasion similar to this, when he likened himself to a pepper-box, which he said was full of material but of poor delivery.

It is an eternal law of nature that nothing can remain at a standstill. Everything must move forward or backward. We stand, to-day, upon the threshold of a new century, and, as we look backward through the long vista of a hundred years, it seems fitting that we ask ourselves whether we have been gradually and positively moving forward, in accordance with the spirit of the times, or the reverse. "Distance lends enchantment" here, as elsewhere. It is quite natural, I know, to quote the "good old times," to magnify the few homely joys, while we pass lightly over the struggles and privations of those who planted amid dangers and hardships, that we might reap, in joy and peace, the fruits of their early sacrifice and toil.



FRANK E. HANSCOM.

One hundred years forms no insignificant period in the history of the human race. Scarcely four such periods have elapsed since the report of the Pinta's gun awoke the slumbering echoes of a new world, while one and one-fifth such periods make up the sum total of our national existence.

Poland can boast of no mushroom growth. She did not flash before the gaze of the world like a meteor, to vanish in darkness as suddenly as she came; but in that grand constellation of towns, called Maine, whose motto is "Dirigo," she has ever shone with a steady light, and I predict that she will not only retain her place, but continue to shine with increasing brilliancy down through the ages. If we turn back the pages of our history, and compare the Poland of a century ago with the Poland of to-day, how marvelous must seem the change. Yet so slowly and gradually has this transformation been wrought as to remain almost unnoticed by the quiet, industrious people of our little municipality. The narrow foot-path has widened to the broad and well-kept highway. Orchards and gardens, cultivated fields and green pasture lands have long since taken the place of the thick and gloomy forest. The stones, so thickly scattered by Nature's lavish hand, have been heaped into rock fences, as lasting as the hills, which mark the boundaries of farms. The humble cottage with its rude furnishings has given way to the spacious well-kept country home. The railroad has pushed its way across our borders, and the shriek of the locomotive has frightened the wild beast to a more secluded lair. The school-house and the church, those sacred parents of our modern New England civilization, joined hands in the wilderness, and have traveled side by side, keeping in touch with that spirit of moral and intellectual progress so strikingly characteristic of the nineteenth century. From a little bubbling fountain in the forest, we have watched the growth and development of an institution that has caused Poland and Poland Spring to become familiar names throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world.

While the above changes have been taking place within the limits of our little township, how many important and wonderful events have transpired in the world at large! In what a multitude of ways have the means of pleasure and comfort been multiplied! How rapidly have books and other means of acquiring knowledge been increased! What marvel-

ous progress has been made in the arts and sciences! How wonderful has been the growth and spread of religious and political freedom! All of which have influenced, to a greater or less extent, the destiny of our town and its people.

While speaking of Poland's development, we should not forget that she has given freely of her acres to those of her children who preferred to try their fortunes beyond the limits of her maternal jurisdiction. No mother was ever more generous with her daughters than Poland has been with those youthful towns which preferred to set up housekeeping for themselves; but, like all wise parents, she has ever kept, securely locked in her strong box of treasures, the title deed to the old homestead.

Poland's thrift and increase of wealth is strikingly shown in the gradual increase in the valuation of the town during the past fifty years, an increase surpassed by few towns having so few facilities for manufacturing industries. When we consider that during this time the increase in population has been very slight, that our country has passed through a gigantic civil war, in which many of our best citizens laid down their lives in defence of the nation's flag and the nation's honor; when we consider the enormous taxes paid for war purposes, and the fact that Poland has, during this time, set off to other towns, territory now valued at more than a million dollars, we can feel naught but thankfulness at our continuous financial prosperity.

We have nothing to be ashamed of, but much to be proud of, in the record of our town. She has trained hundreds of men who have gone out into life and held their own amid the rush and bustle of the outside world, while those who have remained at home belong to a class which has been honored and respected since the "flight of years began," the honest, hard working peasantry of our land.

That Poland is a good place in which to be born, those who are with us to-day, after years of absence, bringing palms of victory from conflicts with the outside world, will gladly testify; that it is a good place in which to live, we who are content to spend our lives here can give abundant assurance; and, if the shades of the departed who rest on its many verdant hillsides, could come back to us on this the anniversary of our natal day, I have little doubt they could furnish conclusive evidence that Poland is a good place in which to die.

Then let us be more loyal to old Poland. While we pause at this, our one hundredth milestone, let us take upon ourselves a vow to be true to the past and faithful to the duties and responsibilities of the present; let us read aright those lessons of struggle and achievement taught by our ancestors in those early days of hardship and privation; let us place our shoulders to the wheel of progress, and strive with our united efforts to increase the rapidity of its revolutions; and may we ever feel to say of Poland what one of our best-loved poets has well said of our grand old State:

“ Keep who will the city's alleys,
 Take the smooth, shorn plain,
 Give to us the cedar valleys,
 Rocks and hills of Maine.
 In our north land, wild and woody,
 Let us still have part;
 Rugged muse and mother sturdy,
 Fold us to thy heart.”

THE CHAIRMAN—Let me now introduce the Rev. Frederick Newport, who will read a poem, entitled “Greeting to Poland,” composed by Mrs. Louise M. Waterhouse.

By way of introduction Mr. Newport remarked that this was the only literary tribute from the daughters of Poland, and inasmuch as the author was too modest to read her poem, he felt honored in being allowed to stand behind the manuscript.

GREETING TO POLAND.

I sing of Poland. On this natal day,
 When regally she wears the crown of age,
 I, her adopted child, would join my lay
 With his, who owns by birth, his heritage.
 For our fair mother is all honor meet
 On this, her crowning day of all the year;
 When sons and daughters heartily will greet
 Dear old-time friends who come to give her cheer.
 For just as brightly do her waters gleam,
 And just as grandly hills uprear their forms;
 On her fair face no deeply furrowed seam
 Proclaims the ravages of winter storms.



MRS. LOUISE M. WATERHOUSE.

Her lakes lie smiling in the sunlight still ;
Her leaves dance merrily on every tree ;
And all the waters of each sparkling rill
Haste with their old-time fervor to the sea.

On yonder stately hill, by magic rose
A palace beautiful, with tower and wing ;
And near it in a lovely nook there flows,
From riven rock, the source of this—the spring.

Its waters pure, unrivalled thus far stand ;
In healing power they're said to have no peer ;
Securely cased, they're sent o'er all our land,
They seek, by steam, another hemisphere.

While modestly, within a lordly grove,
There hides "a poem wrought in living stone,"
Maine's tribute when each nation vainly strove
To outshine ours—as yet she yields to none.

And of West Poland's beauty I would sing,
Of fair Megquier Hill, with lovely street,
Whose rows of shapely trees cool shadows bring,
While sunny lakelets gleam in summer's heat.

And all this beauty does not "blush unseen,"
As many a city's child can testify ;
So, too, the prosperous home of farmer Keene,
And, no less tasteful, of his son, near by.

East Poland, where her ancient elm trees swing
Their graceful branches over fertile farms ;
Where Sanborn and his famous horses bring
New life and beauty to old Poland's charms.

Yet Poland has resources of her own,
As well Excelsior Grange can witness bear ;
In gayly decorated teams it shone,
A goodly company at our Maine State Fair.

You all can see Poland's chief village here,
And how she helps to swell New England's fame ;
A Switzerland of America is here,
Our nestling village well deserves its claim.

Nor these home charms are all of Poland's flock,
Mechanic Falls, our sister village, too,
Is but an offspring from our parent stock,
So, too, is Auburn, busy with the shoe.

These children, thrifty, prosperous, atone
For all the trouble they have caused their Ma;
At last they're strong enough to stand alone,
Yet owe their birthright to the Poland star.

O fellow townsmen, let us gain new life
From this Centennial Day we celebrate!
Let's join our forces with new vigor rife
To make our Mother town most truly great!

And not alone in well-kept homes, nor yet
In outward symbols of fair beauty reared,
May every form of public wrong be met
By officers of right who shall be feared.

In all the great debates for public weal,
Let Poland utter no uncertain sound!
May she be strong and fearless—true as steel,
In the front ranks of Progress always found.

Then hail to Poland, whose grand scenery fills
Each son and daughter with a filial pride!
Dear to each heart are all her rocks and rills,
Long may her honor in each heart abide!

THE CHAIRMAN—It is my pleasure now to present to you, a young man, a native of our town, who has long been identified with its educational interests, to respond to the toast, "Our Public Schools."

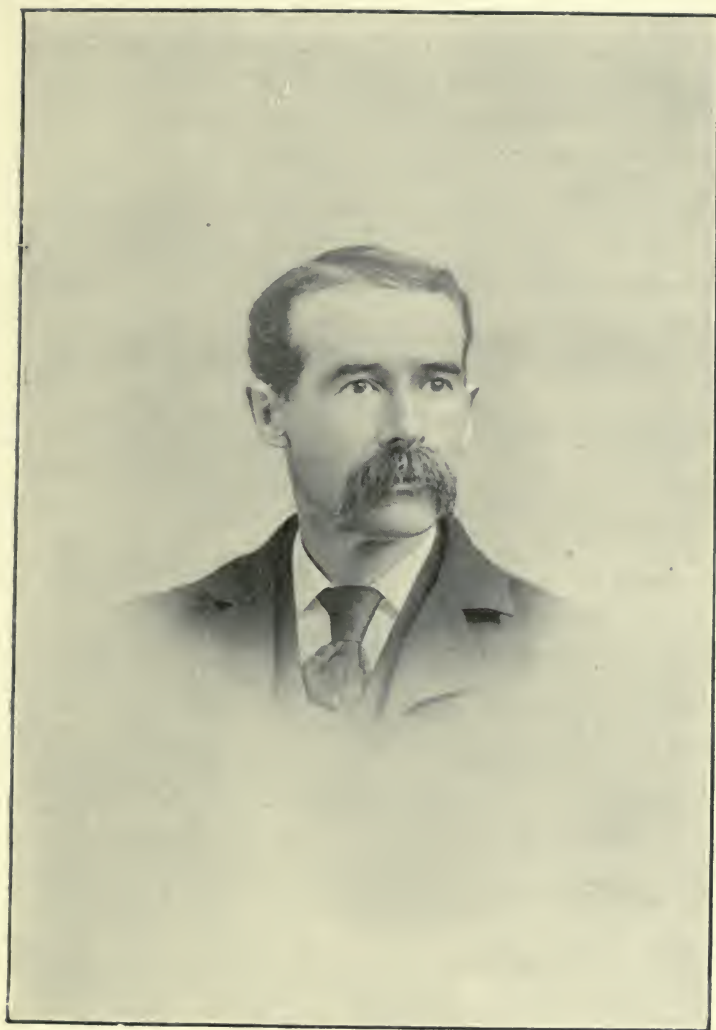
R. J. EVERETT—To-day we are at the close of the first century of our town's life. Janus-like, we look backward over the chequered past—forward to the unknown. And when we remember how important a factor have been our public schools in the development and progress of our town, how much is due to them of our prosperity, and our position to-day among our sister towns, we may with propriety, while considering our condition and contemplating the many changes of the past one hundred years, give a few moments to this source of our welfare. We may with profit recall the early and meagre

beginnings of our town's school days, the hard but earnest struggles of our sturdy ancestors in their endeavors to give to their children the rudiments of an education. Following the current of years, we should find our schools increasing in number, length, and efficiency—a slow but steady progress till our own memory serves us in what we may term the present. Thus data may be obtained from which we shall be the better able to judge of their condition to-day, and the better to perform our part in developing the school life of the future.

I wish, my friends, that it were in my power to hold to you a picture of that first class, surrounding that first teacher—the pioneer school of Poland. I would that I were able to bring to view that first school-house, rising from the hillside, humble in its quaint simplicity, yet heralding to coming generations the determination of a hardy people to secure at all hazards something of an education for the children of their generation. My friends, this is impossible; that school has long since been closed here upon earth. That school-house has long ago crumbled to decay, and no summer tourist was there with obtrusive camera to preserve for us a likeness. Yet each one of us may form a mental picture, and thank God for that first school. An almost impenetrable haze overhangs the early history of our schools, no records being in existence to which we might turn. Fragments have been gleaned from the recollections of a few of our older people, making the total of our early school history.

As was the case in other sections of the State, the first schools were held in private houses, wherever and whenever convenience and population would permit. In some localities the schools were held thus for many years after the incorporation of the town. In all there were seven or eight of these schools within the present limits of our town, held somewhat irregularly for a few weeks every year.

Although some doubt exists in regard to the exact date and location of the first school-house, it seems very certain that the first house was built as early as 1802 or 1803 at South Poland, at the four corners, between Ricker Hill and Shaker Hill. Several years later, that it might be nearer the centre of the district, after the withdrawal of the Shakers, this house was moved further north and located on Ricker Hill. This house, at first, and for several years, accommodated the people



R. J. EVERETT.

of Range Hill, Ricker Hill, and the near portion of New Gloucester. The present neat and commodious house is the fourth in this district.

The first school-house on Range Hill was built not far from 1815, near the residence of F. B. Shackford. In 1840, a house was built on the Raymond Road, near the dwelling of A. G. Thurlow, and in 1871 the present house was erected.

West Poland, as a school district, was made up of the entire western part of the town, including the West Poland of to-day, Johnson Hill, Megquier Hill, and No. 15, Herrick Valley, extending to the Oxford line. The first school-house (1805) was built just north of the church, on the opposite side of the road. Previous to the erection of this house, the school, for many years, was held in the dwelling house of Edmund Megquier. The school here is now occupying its third house. In 1826, the district was divided, and a school-house was built in what is now known as No. 15. Not until several years later was a school-house erected in the Promised Land. The first school-house in the section known as "The Empire," was located south of the church, and on the hill now included in the Cemetery. This house, built in 1808, accommodated not only the present Empire district, but also the "city," the portion of New Gloucester as far as Bald Hill, and the part of Danville known as the Hotel Road. The first school-house was burned; a second erected on the same site was sold, as was also the third house, built further north, near the four corners. The present house, built some six years ago, is the fourth in this district. About this time (1808), or perhaps a little earlier, a school-house was built just east of the Cemetery and beyond the dwelling of Mr. Zenas Lane, at East Poland, and was used by the people of Minot Corner (Poland side), Hardscrabble, Hackett's Mills and East Poland. In 1846, this house gave place to the "brick" house located near the Little Androscoggin River, and used as a union house by District No. 8, Poland, and No. 2, Minot. This house in turn gave place, in 1868, to the present two-storied house, still occupied by the pupils of Minot and Poland.

On Harris Hill the first school-house was located nearly opposite Nelson Haskell's, on land now owned by W. W. McCann. To this house came for a few years the children from Bailey Hill, Harris Hill and Poland Corner. This house

was removed to the present site, near Grange Hall, probably about 1825.

The first school-house on Bailey Hill (1815) was built across the road from the present site, in what is now a pasture belonging to A. B. Cobb. This house was burned; the present being the third house in this district.

In 1850, Poland Corner built its first school-house, the old town-house having been fitted up and used for school purposes since the withdrawal from Harris Hill.

For many years White Oak Hill was the school centre for all the territory lying between the Range and Tripp Ponds. The first school-house, built about 1811, was located a quarter of a mile east of the present church in the "heater" piece, lying between the road leading to Lower Oak Hill and the one leading to Poland Corner. This house was burned in 1817. Another was erected on the same site, but as the result of some disagreement this house was taken down, moved a few rods west, and rebuilt in what is now David Waterhouse's pasture. This house was again moved in 1845 to the present locality.

For some years after separation from the parent oak, Lower Oak Hill enjoyed its school privileges in the dwelling house of Jeremiah Witham, near the location of the present school-house. The first school-house was built south of the Town Farm on land now the property of Mr. John Hanscom.

During the first years, the three R's, spelling, together with sewing in some instances for the girls, were the general course of study. Geography and grammar came cautiously forward in the next twenty-five years—these making the full course in my own childhood. No particular change, except the introduction of algebra, with an occasional class in book-keeping some twenty years since, was made, until the thorough classification and adoption of a regular course of study six years ago by our esteemed townsman, Mr. Frank E. Hanscom.

Now, after the union of some districts, the division and loss of others, we have seventeen schools—one being graded, two free high schools, and the others ungraded—mixed. The length of our school year has been doubled, while the wages paid to our teachers have been more than quadrupled since the memory of many now present.

By glancing at our course of study you will find that to the

few branches constituting for so many years the entire school curriculum, we have now added physiology, rhetoric, geometry, physical geography, a year's course in civil government, work in composition and declamation, besides in many of our schools a careful course in supplementary reading, designed particularly to instruct the child in morals and to guide him toward honored citizenship.

And here it may be asked, How much better are our schools to-day than they were, say, fifty years ago? What profit, what advantage from these changes? How much better, broader scholarship have we from the extended course and lengthened year? Are we graduating brighter boys and girls, with heart and brain more thoroughly disciplined to enter upon the sterner duties of life and the better to fill the positions that await them? In short, are we advancing toward a higher plane of citizenship? For this, no matter how much we may lose sight of the fact, citizenship in its broadest sense is the prime object and highest achievement of our public schools. It is the rock upon which pauperism and vice must break, where ignorance and socialism may be wrecked.

I candidly admit that the schools of Poland have not reached their ideal; that we have seen the years go by without bringing to us all the golden results that we so anxiously await. Yet, I think that I make no mistake when I say to you to-day that in general our teachers are faithful, our pupils attentive, and our schools doing a noble work, and ranking favorably with those of other towns. During the last few years, and since the adoption of our course of study, a marked change for the better is plainly noticeable. By a slow but steady growth, which I believe to be healthy and permanent, our schools have been coming to a higher degree of efficiency. Each succeeding graduation is marked by more accurate and practical scholarship. Even the younger children look anxiously forward to the time when they shall be at the head of the school and nearing the honors of graduation.

And yet we are far from being satisfied. Only a beginning, it seems to me, has really been made toward what can be and will be done. But in order to reach our ideal, or even to approximate it, all factors must work together and on the same line; for like the plant that strikes its roots deep into the soil, seeking simply for that which will nourish itself, so in

too great a measure has been the manner of conducting the child's education. To specialize, to narrow the intellectual growth of the child into channels which it may follow in after years, seems to me to prostitute the broad field of usefulness and unique place of our common schools. Yet it seems to be the ambition of many prominent educators, even to-day, to turn the child's inclination in the direction that he is to follow in life. But the work of our common schools, I believe to be, to lay securely a firm foundation for future usefulness. If they do this they do well. With satisfaction I say to you that much has already been done toward perfecting our schools. With an earnest appeal to you all, I repeat that much is yet to be done that can be done.

The summer just passed has witnessed in different parts of our State many assemblies of earnest men and women, eagerly inquiring for better methods for the instruction of our children. Let this same zeal characterize us all, and even the early years of our second century shall behold a wonderful progress in our common schools. Parents, teachers, pupils—the three factors of our schools—shall work harmoniously and earnestly together, a unit in their desires and aspirations for all that pertains to true citizenship, to noble and exalted manhood and womanhood.

THE CHAIRMAN—The next speaker whom it is my pleasure to introduce, you will all recognize as a townsman who is much interested in the history of our town, and well equipped to speak to the toast, "Reminiscences of East Poland." I present to you Mr. J. C. Davis, of East Poland.

J. C. DAVIS—Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Neighbors and Friends: Some time in the first half of the last century, that section of East Poland intersected by the Portland & Rumford Falls and Grand Trunk Railroads, was visited by parties of lumbermen, sent there by the authorities of the English Government. This section, at that time, was covered with a magnificent growth of pines, averaging from three to five feet in diameter and a hundred feet or more in height. These men came here to obtain masts to help build up the navy of Great Britain, and many of the noblest specimens of these giant trees were felled, and such as they considered suitable for the purpose for which they were wanted, after careful inspection and measurement, were smoothly trimmed, barked,

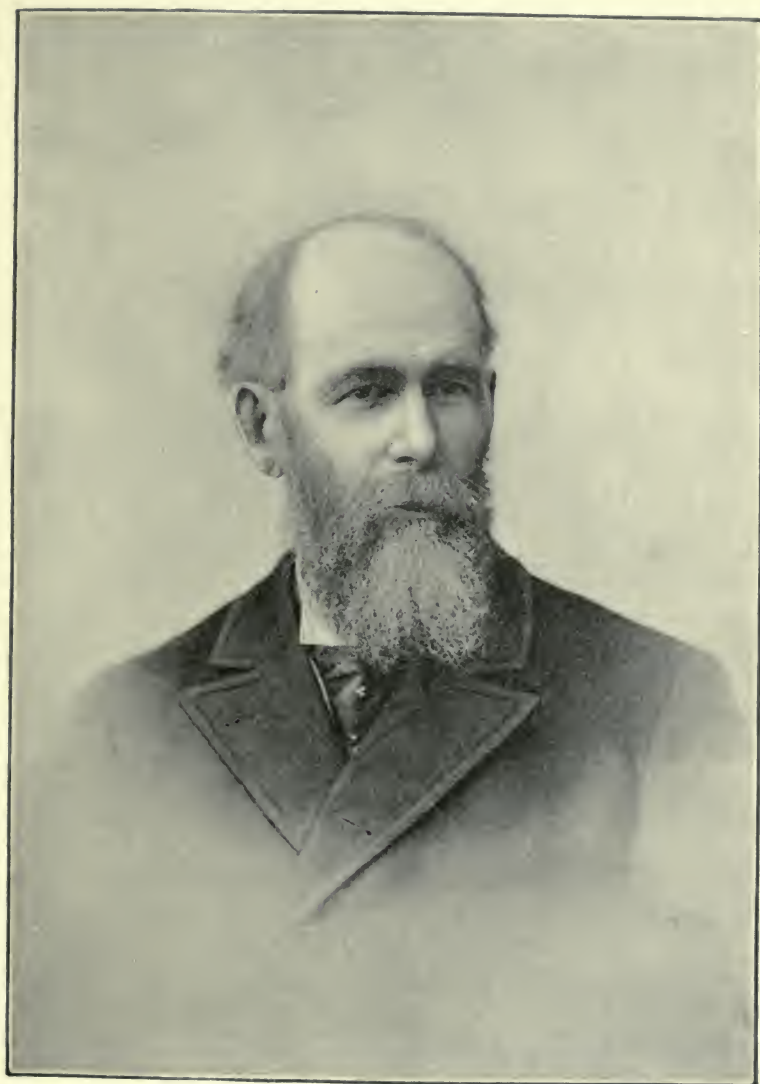
and loaded on strong, broad sleds, and, with large teams of oxen, twenty yokes or more, were slowly hauled to some place on the seaboard, where they were taken on board of vessels and finally made to do service on the war ships of England. We have measured the distance from the stumps to the tops of these trees that were there, and have found that some of these masts must have exceeded 100 feet in length. The removal of such huge pieces of timber for so great a distance, through the woods and across the streams, before the age of roads and bridges, must have required much skill and care.

After these operations had ceased, the peace and quiet of these forests remained undisturbed by civilized man, until the first settler made his appearance in 1767. Between this date and 1790, when the last of the pioneers came, the following persons had made a permanent settlement here: John Nevens, Josiah Dunn, Zebulon Davis, Captain Farrington, Nehemiah Strout, Henry and David Pulsifer. These, with their families, were the only original and permanent settlers of this section.

John Nevens was the eldest son of Hugh Nevens, who was of Scotch descent, and came to this country in 1730. He first settled in Gloucester, Mass., where he remained until about 1760, when he removed to New Gloucester, Maine. The original deed of the lot purchased by him bears date of June 12th, 1761—consideration, forty pounds lawful money. Mr. Nevens continued to reside in New Gloucester until his death in 1778. His son John, the pioneer settler of this section, was born in Gloucester, Mass., in 1743, and married Mary Pring of the same town in 1767, and, in the month of November of that year, was employed as axeman to assist in running the line of Bakerstown. Through the courtesy of Mr. Addison Small, of Lewiston, who is a great-grandson of Mr. Nevens, I have received copies of many interesting papers, which give many facts concerning the settlement of this section, and also disclose to us a spirit of self-sacrifice and a devotion to principle and love of country on the part of these early pioneers, that should cause us, their descendants, to ever hold them in esteem and veneration.

Mr. Small writes as follows :

"I have in my possession an affidavit written about 1797, in which Mr. Nevens mentions some interesting facts concerning the survey and his settlement in Bakerstown. I quote :



JOHN C. DAVIS.

“ ‘I, John Nevens, of a place called Bakerstown, in the county of Cumberland, Gent., being of lawful age, testify and say that on Monday, which, according to the best of my remembrance, was the ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1767, I was at a beech tree having a pile of stones about it and having a number of letters cut in the bark of said tree, which I then understood was, the Saturday before, made for the northerly corner of New Gloucester. I was then employed by the Proprietors as an axe-man to assist in running the line of Bakerstown. The persons present at said beech tree on said Monday were John Brown, as surveyor; Nathaniel Little and Nathaniel Bayley, chainmen; Josiah Little and Abel Davis, as assistants. From said beech tree we run southwest four miles for the head line of New Gloucester, and foot line of Bakerstown. We then run northwest until we struck the Upper Range pond, and then came on a great rain; so we left the work and came home. A few days after we proceeded to lot out a number of lots in said Bakerstown, and I made choice of one lot for a settlement, No. 5, in the end line of which said beech tree stood. In the winter following, I went to the westward and purchased said lot, and in the spring following (1768), I went to work to bring forward a settlement, and about a year afterwards I moved my family on said lot and have continued there ever since.’

“ During the summer of 1768, John Nevens was doubtless very busy clearing his new farm in the wilderness; and a lonesome time he must have had, though, no doubt, he made frequent journeys to New Gloucester by the line of spotted trees that formed the only highway thither. Some time during the summer he seems to have made a trip to Gloucester, Mass., where he purchased a quantity of supplies, intended, no doubt, for the most part for use in his new home. Some may be curious to know what articles were considered necessary for housekeeping in a frontier settlement, so I give below a copy of the invoice of them :

“ ‘GLOUCESTER, July 4, 1768.

MR. JOHN NEVENS

Bought of DAVID PLUMER :

6 stone Plaits.....	£0, 3, 0
1 punch Bole.....	1, 2½
1 pr. wool Cards.....	£0, 3, 2½
3 porringers.....	3, 7½
1 puter Quart pott.....	2, 8
½ pd. Allspice.....	9
¼ pepper.....	10
needles 6d. ½ Tea 2s. 3d.....	2, 11
1 Iron pott 27¾ pd. a 2od. O. T.....	6, 2
1 Iron Tea Kittel.....	6, 0
3 Earthen Platters.....	8

6 Bakeing panns.....	£0, 2, 4
1 Small Looking Glass	4, 8
1 Cake Sope.....	7½
16 galls. Molases at 20d.....	1, 6, 8
1 halfe Barriel for to put ye Molases In.....	2, 6
2 Earthen Juggs.....	1, 4
2 Qu. Rum.....	1, 4
2 Qu. Wine.....	3, 0
6 Reasons.....	3, 7¼
1 Sythe.....	6, 8
1 Sive Bottam.....	10
1 Ivory Comb.....	1, 1

£4, 3, 2¼

Recd. Note in full for ye above

DAVID PLUMER.'

"I have in my possession many other papers that belonged to John Nevens, most of which are of a private nature, but some of historical value. I give below a verbatim copy of one of these, which speaks well for the patriotism of the early settlers of the new plantation of Bakerstown. They had evidently just heard of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, and the enthusiastic meeting of the settlers in the house of John Nevens (still standing), on July 22, 1776, was a notable event. It is plain that the pioneers were much better patriots than spellers, but their spirit is well worthy of imitation by all their descendants.

"'A memoraadum of an egreement maid and concluded by and between us the subscribers as follows, viz: as wee are now mat at mr John Nevinses in Baerstown so caled in the province of the masetusits Bay and County of Cumberland and think as it eapires (appears) to us proper to be on our gard in ordr to secure our Livs and propertys as the anemy is ganing towards us and we do this twenty second day of July one thousand seven hundred and seventy six mutly (mutually) and volentarily ingag and promes to stand by sd. town in making a Compny in sd. town and will from time to time and all times obay such offisers as we shall apoint over us and bear our proporshineable parts of Cost and Charge that shall arise by Reson of the War or aney outhter thing for the Banifet of sd. town as Witnes our hands, Samuel Dennen, Joel Haskell, John Glover, Aron Davis, Elezer Grant, Samuel Dennen, Nath'el Bayley, John Nevens, Moses Emery, Stephen Rollins, Daniel Lane, Zebulon Davis, Edmd. Bayley, Michial Tool, Samuel Morgan, Job Tucker, Nemeiher Tucker, John Hoyt (or Hoyle), John Prince, Benj. Lane Jun., George Frances, Joseph Frances.'

"The twenty-two names signed to the preceding document must have included nearly all the male settlers then living in

Bakerstown ; for two years later, in 1778, we find the committee of the plantation certifying to the Council and House of Representatives that 'the number of male inhabitants from sixteen years old and upward are twenty and eight.' This certificate is signed by Job Tucker and John Nevens. Just what part the members of the Bakerstown Company took in the Revolutionary War, I am unable to state. It is known that Zebulon Davis served in the army, and was held prisoner by the British for a long time. Probably some of the others served more or less. In 1781 we find Zebulon Davis captain, and John Nevens first lieutenant, of the Bakerstown Company of Militia, which was assigned to the regiment of which Isaac Parsons, of New Gloucester, was colonel. As late as 1786 it was still Captain Davis and Lieutenant Nevens. The latter resigned, I think, in 1787."

Mr. Nevens made a clearing on land now owned and occupied as a farm by Elvin D. Pulsifer, and he built the house in which Mr. Pulsifer now lives. This was one of the first houses built in the settlement. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and ought to be good for another hundred years. Mr. Nevens, I think, must have been a man of some means, with a kind heart and progressive ideas. He brought into the settlement the first horse and wagon, the first grindstone, and iron shovel, and was ever willing that his neighbors should have the benefit of their use. Mr. Nevens lived to a good old age, and always retained the honor and respect of all with whom he had to do. The exact date of his death is not known. He survived his wife a short time. They left a family of five daughters, viz.: Elizabeth, born May 1, 1769. She was the first white child born in Bakerstown—married a Mr. Andrews of Paris. They had a family of ten sons and daughters, the youngest of whom, Charles Andrews, became a member of Congress. She died August 2, 1836. Mary, born October 2, 1771, married Nathaniel Small, of Minot, now Auburn. They had nine children. She died January 13, 1852. Her husband died in 1824. Sarah, born September 20, 1778; Hannah, born October 9, 1779; Nancy, born May 17, 1783. The last three were never married.

Zebulon Davis was a descendant of John Davis, who moved from Ipswich, Mass., to Gloucester, Cape Ann, in 1652, and bought a farm in the latter town. Zebulon was born in

Gloucester in 1733. In the early part of his life he followed the sea. The exact date of his coming here is not known, but it must have been in the first years of the settlement, from the fact that he was one of the loyal band of citizens who came together from all parts of Bakerstown, at the house of John Nevens, on the 22d of July, 1776, just eighteen days after the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia, where the agreement given above was drawn up and signed.

Zebulon Davis served in the war of the Revolution, was taken prisoner and confined at Halifax for a long time, where he endured much suffering and hardship. He bought land on both sides of the road, just north of the lot taken by Mr. Nevens, and built a log house near where the Methodist parsonage now stands. His four sons came with him. Aaron, the eldest, settled in the town of Woodstock; Zebulon, in what is now Centre Minot; Moses and William, on Pidgeon Hill; but in 1791 the latter moved back to live with his father, and in the year following built the house in which Mr. Elbridge Gossom now lives. His father, or Captain Davis, as he was called, lived there with him until his death in 1820, being nearly ninety years old.

William married Hannah Marble, who, as a skilled midwife and nurse, was widely known through this region. She was ever ready at any hour of the day or night to respond to the calls made upon her, to visit the sick and suffering, and administer to their wants. She died in 1837, at the age of seventy-one years. Her husband followed her in 1845, at the age of eighty-two. Of their five sons, William, Jr., the eldest, and Eliphalet, the youngest, made their residence here. William, Jr., married Betsey Trickey. They raised a family of thirteen children, and always lived on the farm now owned by their grandson, J. G. Davis. He died in 1863, and his wife in 1869, aged seventy-two and seventy-eight years. Eliphalet, the youngest, lived on the homestead until 1868, when he removed to Minot Corner, where he died in 1886, being eighty years of age.

Captain Farrington came from Boston. He was a carpenter by trade. He bought the land now owned by Harriet Disosca, between the two roads starting from the depot at the Empire, one running south toward New Gloucester, the other southeasterly to Lewiston Junction. He built the first frame house in the settlement, the one in which Mr. C. A. Strout

now lives, it having been remodeled and enlarged by its present owner. The noble elms in front of this residence were planted by him. He is reputed to have been somewhat brusque and eccentric in his make-up, but inside the rough exterior there beat a kind heart. He left four daughters and one son. One of his daughters became the wife of the Hon. William Dunn. His son, William F. Farrington, became quite eminent as a Methodist preacher; he was a splendid specimen of manhood, tall and commanding in figure, easy and graceful in address, with a voice so rich and melodious that he never failed to please, whether he spoke or sang. I think he never attended other than the district school at the Empire, and his education consisted in the mastery of such branches of learning as were taught in the public schools seventy-five years ago; but he had unusual gifts of thought, language, and song; and more than all else, he felt that he was divinely called to preach the gospel. He joined the Maine Methodist Conference in 1829; and during his membership of more than thirty years he filled acceptably many of its best appointments. In 1861, he was transferred to the Providence Conference, of which he remained a member until his death in 1888, in his eighty-ninth year.

Joseph Dunn settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Burnham, on either side of Worthley Brook. He built his house near where Mr. Burnham's now stands, and lived here until his death in 1825, at the age of ninety-two. He left eight sons, who always lived in Poland, and are well remembered at the present time by the older citizens of the town. Of these, Joshua, the eldest, served in the army of the Revolution. He was noted for his witticisms and quickness at repartee. He first settled at West Poland, and lived to a great age. Nathaniel, the second son, always lived at the Empire, was a master framer and builder, and was active in church work, for many years taking lead of the singing. He died in 1831, at the age of sixty-one. Sarah, his wife, who was a daughter of David Pulsifer, after the death of her husband, lived with one of her children in New York, dying there in 1861, being nearly ninety-one years old. Josiah, after a residence of a few years on the farm owned and occupied by the late Jesse Locke, removed to Minot Corner. He was sheriff of Cumberland County for several years, and also represented the town at the General Court in Boston. He died in 1843, aged sixty-four.

William, more widely known as Colonel, was a life resident here, and was ever identified with the educational and religious interests of his native town; he was repeatedly chosen to represent the town at the State Legislature, and also served in the Governor's Council. His death occurred in 1862, at the age of seventy-five. The other sons, Joseph, Charles, James and Samuel, while not called to public positions, were men of note and influence.

Nehemiah Strout came from Gloucester, Mass., being under twenty years of age at the time. He bought a tract of land next south of Capt. Farrington's, on the west side of the road. Here he built a log house, where he lived with his young wife Rebecca, the daughter of Josiah Dunn, whom he married in October, 1780. Later on, he built the house in which James Dunn now lives. One year, when living in this log house, their provision ran short—no breadstuff in the cabin, and no corn to be had in the settlement; so he took a meal bag and went to North Yarmouth on foot, with the expectation of getting corn or grain there, but was doomed to disappointment, for none was to be had. Thence he went to his brother Joshua in Durham, who gave him a couple of rye and Indian loaves, and with these he returned home, somewhat discouraged. But his wife cheered him by her brave words and firm trust that Providence would not forsake them; and sure enough, it did not, as the events of the next day proved—for a Mr. Allen, of Woodman Hill, Minot, came that way, to whom they sold a pig for two bushels of corn, which Mr. Strout brought from there on his back, a bushel at a time, and he was wont to say that always after that, they had enough for themselves and something for the stranger at the gate. Mr. Strout was a hardy, robust man, and lived to the age of ninety-four. He died in June, 1852. He was twice married; his first wife died in 1831, aged seventy-one, and his second wife, a Mrs. Jenkins, whom he married in 1832, survived him some ten years. His two daughters, Deborah and Phoebe, became the first and second wives of Solomon Pulsifer. His son, Nehemiah, Jr., and Joseph, well remembered by many of us, always lived in this part of the town; the former, for many years, at the present residence of his son, Nehemiah P. Strout, where he died in 1866, aged seventy-eight. His wife, Lucy Weston, who survived him several years, died in April, 1878, at the age of ninety-four

years three months and ten days. The late Jonas W. Strout, who died in 1884, was their eldest son. Joseph, the younger son of Nehemiah, Sr., died in 1876, aged eighty-three years.

Henry Bray bought a large tract of land on the road leading from the Empire to the Auburn line, on the highest elevation of which he built his house and barn, and near there, in a rude building, he kept a small stock of groceries which he was wont to sell to his neighbors. He had several sons who became residents of other sections of the town.

David Pulsifer, the last of the original settlers, was from Essex, Mass., and moved here in 1790. His wife and family, consisting of five sons, two of whom were married, and two daughters, came with him. He bought a tract of land on the westerly side of the road next to the New Gloucester line, and built on the south part of the lot, while his eldest son, Jonathan, built the house which was the life residence of himself, his son, Jonathan, Jr., and his grandson, John R. Pulsifer, and is at present owned by J. S. Sanborn, of Boston. The second son, Ephriam, built still further to the north, where he lived, and his son Isaac after him, till the house was taken down by the latter, and that one was built which now stands on the same site, the beautiful home of Marcus W. Pulsifer.

Solomon, the youngest son, lived with his father, while his other three sons made their homes outside of this section. Jonathan, the eldest son, died in 1849, aged eighty-four years, his wife, Mary, in 1862, at the age of seventy-three years. Jonathan, Jr., their son, who was noted for his shrewd business sagacity, died in 1855, being sixty years old; and his son, the late John R. Pulsifer, well known to the most of us at the present time as a man of inflexible integrity, and who filled, with honor, the many public positions to which he was called, died in 1883, at the age of sixty-one. Ephriam, David second's son, lived to be eighty-seven years old, and died in 1864. His wife, Betsey Gilbert, who came with him from Gloucester, died in 1857, aged fifty-six. They had a large family of children, none of whom, however, lived to maturity, excepting Isaac, the youngest, and an unmarried sister, who resided with him. Isaac died in 1886, at the age of seventy-six. Solomon was married three times, and had a family of nine children. Of these only Joseph S., now in his eighty-sixth year, and living with one of his children in Lynn, Mass.,

had a prolonged residence here. Solomon died in 1854, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Pulsifer, Sr., was fifty-nine years old at the time he settled here, and from that time on, for forty-two years, he stood up bravely against the hardships and discomforts of pioneer life, dying in 1832, at the age of one hundred and one years. His wife died the year before, being one hundred and two years old.

These are the men to whom, under the providence of God, we, their children, are indebted for many of the favorable conditions of our present situation. They were heroic and stalwart, men of stout hearts and strong hands; and they had need of all these qualities, for men of weaker mould and less persistent courage would have stood appalled before the problem set for them to solve. With a fixed purpose to accomplish the results they had in view, they went at once to work. They cleared the land, erected buildings, stocked their farms, fenced their fields, fed and clothed their large families of children, in short, they made for themselves comfortable homes. This they did, but how they did it, at what cost of effort, mental as well as physical (for this work required brain as well as brawn), we cannot tell—no one can tell; it can never be told, for it is impossible to annihilate the progress of the last hundred years, and bring back the condition of things that then existed. But amid all these difficulties, they still persevered. Their fields and families increased in size, but the larger products of the one were needed to meet the increasing demands of the other. They had no corn planters or cultivators; no steel plows or horse rakes; no machines for mowing or threshing. But they ploughed the ground, planted, tilled and harvested their crops, and threshed their grain, all by hand labor, and with implements of the rudest kind, many of which were made by themselves; and in the winter months, when they could no longer work on the land, they manufactured many thousands of a superior quality of shingles from the bodies of those giant pines to which allusion has been made, which years before had been blown down by a mighty wind. For these products they found a ready market in the seaport towns, and from the proceeds of their sale they were enabled to supply their families with many indispensable articles that could not be produced from the farm. And through all these years of struggle and hardship, the wives of these heroic

men proved themselves to be willing and able helpmates, for, in addition to the housework proper, they spun the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the garments for the family wear, and by an economy of time and means they found a way to decorate their modest homes with many little articles of beauty and refinement; and thus the hardness of pioneer life began to disappear. But they did not labor wholly for material things, for they possessed deep and earnest religious convictions, and were accustomed to meet at each other's houses for sacred worship.

They seem to have embraced the doctrines of John Wesley, for in the early years of the settlement a Methodist church was organized here, which has retained its organization and maintained public worship from that date until the present. The first Methodist sermon preached here was in 1793, when Jesse Lee, an eminent pioneer of Methodism, preached in the house of Nehemiah Strout. The large kitchen of Mr. Strout's house was used as a preaching place for many of the itinerants who came this way. In 1795, Portland circuit was formed, in which Poland was included, and remained a part of till 1802, when the circuit was divided by a line running nearly north and south between Portland and Falmouth, and the name of the western half, which included Portland, was changed to Poland because Poland had the larger membership, and Philip Munger was read off to Poland circuit. And since that date, Poland has ever appeared on the rolls of the conference as one of its appointments.

Its territory, which formerly embraced a large section of the surrounding country, has been greatly reduced in size, and at present includes only East Poland and Minot. It has sent out to other fields of labor a large number of ministers and ministers' wives.

Its present house of worship at Empire was built in 1823, and in the early years of its occupancy used to be filled to overflowing. The influence of this church upon the community has ever been for good, and to it we are largely indebted for the high moral character of our people.

And now, in taking a retrospect of the past, and looking back on the deeds of our fathers and mothers, I think we can, in truth and candor, say that they were a band of noble men and women, an ancestry of which we may well feel proud. (Applause.)

COPY OF THE RECORD OF THE FIRST TOWN MEETING IN POLAND.

By a fire which consumed David Dunn's law office about 1824, nearly all of the town records were destroyed.

Mr. Dunn was one of the town officers at the time, and keeper of the records.

We give below a copy of warrant for the first town meeting of which there is any record.

WARRANT.

[L. S.] To John True, Jr., Constable of the town of
[L. S.] Poland. GREETING: You are hereby required in the name of the State of Maine, to notify and warn the inhabitants of Poland, qualified by law to vote in town meetings, to assemble at the Centre School-house in Poland, on Saturday, the twenty-first day of August, current, at three of the clock in the afternoon, to act on the following articles, viz.:

- 1st. To choose a moderator to govern said meeting.
- 2d. To see what sum of money the town will raise to repair such roads as have been complained of, and to repair such other roads as may be liable to be indicted.
- 3d. To see if the town will accept or discontinue such roads as may be reported by their Selectmen.
- 4th. To see what order the town will take respecting the new county road by Daniel Waterman's, James Dunn's, etc.
- 5th. To act on any other matters relative to the above articles that may be thought proper when met.

Given under our
hands and seals,
at Poland, this ninth
day of August,
A.D. 1824.

JOHN COUSENS,	} Selectmen
JAMES TWITCHELL,	
WENTWORTH RICKER,	
	} of
	} Poland.

CUMBERLAND, SS.:

POLAND, August 10, A. D. 1824.

Pursuant to the within warrant I have notified the inhabitants of the town of Poland, qualified as within mentioned, to meet at the time and place and for the purpose within expressed.

JOHN TRUE, JR., Constable.

At a legal meeting of the inhabitants of Poland, at the Centre School-house, in said town, on Saturday, the 21st day of August, 1824, at three of the clock in the afternoon,

1st. Chose John Cousens, Esq., Moderator.

2d. Voted to raise one thousand dollars to repair such roads as have been complained of, and to repair such others as may be liable to be indicted.

3d. Voted to oppose the new contemplated road leading from Joseph Morrell's by James Dunn's, Daniel Waterman's, etc.

Voted to allow one dollar per day in expending the highway tax.

Chose William Stevens agent to superintend the road from Poland Corner by Joshua Sanders'.

Chose Zadok Allen, Ezra Brett, Nehemiah Strout, Jr., and Daniel Marble, agents to superintend the laying out of the highway tax on the several roads.

Voted to dissolve this meeting.

JOSIAH JORDAN, Town Clerk.

THE CHAIRMAN—I have the great pleasure of introducing a distinguished son of Poland, Mr. S. L. Littlefield, who has always taken a great interest in his town's prosperity. He will respond to the toast, "Our Men of Fame."

MR. S. L. LITTLEFIELD—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: In speaking of our famous men, you will not expect me to mention all the men of note who have made this great town their home since its incorporation, nor all those who have been born and educated here, and gone out to win honor for themselves in the various vocations of life.

In order that none may feel that I fail properly to notice and speak of them, let me say here, that I shall endeavor, as far as possible, to avoid repeating what has been said of any of our noted men by the speakers who have preceded me, and to avoid forestalling anything that may be said by those who are to follow, by confining myself to those early settlers who laid the foundations, and their descendants who have so well built the superstructure of our prosperity, whose influence in the affairs of our own town is best known to me.

First among our noted townsmen stands Moses Emery, the first male child born in Bakerstown, in consideration of

which circumstance he was accorded the honor of naming the town, which he called Poland, after an old tune of that name that was a favorite with him.

Another of our early men of note was Daniel Waterman, who settled here in 1794 or in 1795, and lived here till his death, in 1845. He and his wife were two of the small number who established the Congregational Church at Poland Corner, and he was its first deacon, which office he held during his life. He was also a captain of the militia. His family consisted of five sons and seven daughters, all of whom, except the eldest son, were born and educated in Poland. Jabez, the eldest of the family, was a soldier of the war of 1812, and held the office of orderly-sergeant, and later was captain of an artillery company. After the war he engaged in lumbering, and operated mills at what is known as Hackett's Mills, where he died in 1877. He had two sons, Jabez T. and Isaac D., who were very estimable citizens.

Jabez T. became one of our selectmen, and Isaac continued the lumber business after the death of his father till 1883, when his failing health obliged him to retire.

The second son of Daniel Waterman, also named Daniel, was born in Poland in 1797. During his life he held several offices, among which were those of Representative to the Legislature and Adjutant of the State militia.

Daniel Waterman, Jr., had one son, W. W., who was for many years an influential citizen of Poland, taking a lively interest in everything that would add to her prosperity. He was not a politician, but accepted a place on the Board of Selectmen for one year.

Prominent among the early business men in the eastern part of our town was Josiah Milliken, who came from Buckfield when quite a young man, and settled at Minot Corner on the Poland side of the river, where he built our first tannery and operated it about thirty years. He also engaged in the lumber business and operated a saw mill for a long period. He removed to Portland some time in the sixties, but was never fond of city life, and at the time of his death, I am told, he was negotiating for the purchase of his old homestead in Poland.

His family of five sons and two daughters were all born in Poland, and received most of their education in our common



S. L. LITTLEFIELD.

schools; some of them getting a few terms at the academies of Lewiston Falls and Hebron. The eldest daughter, Mary F., became the wife of Daniel W. True, one of Poland's worthiest and most noted sons, who was for many years one of the leading business men of our State. Addie, the youngest of the family, is the wife of Mr. Short, of the firm of Loring, Short & Harmon, of Portland.

The sons all became able business men. William Henry, the second son, was a wholesale dry goods dealer in the firm of Deering & Milliken, of Portland, and is the only one of the sons of Josiah Milliken, not now living. Weston F., the eldest son, after teaching successfully a few terms in the public schools, engaged in business in Minot, where by his honesty and affability, he soon became very popular, but the field being too small for him, he removed to Portland, where he and his brother, Charles R., became the wholesale grocery firm of W. & C. R. Milliken. George, the youngest brother, became a member of the same firm.

Besides his business reputation, Weston Milliken has filled many important positions. He has been a bank director and president; a director in a steamboat company; a member of the State legislature, where he was chairman of an important committee. C. R. Milliken is now the principal member of the Poland Paper Company.

The fourth son of this famous family is Seth M., who does as much credit to his Poland raising as any man that ever left the town. As a teacher in our schools he was a success. Commencing his business career in the same store as his brother Weston, he soon followed him to Portland, but his ambition prompting him to seek a larger field, he went to New York, where he is now engaged in the wholesale dry goods trade.

In connection with the Millikens, it seems to me appropriate to mention another of Poland's famous sons,—Lyman M. Cousens. Entering the store of S. M. Milliken, at Minot, as a clerk when quite young, he, by honest energy and close attention to business, soon became a partner. After a few years spent in successful trade at Minot, he, too, went to Portland, where he now occupies a high place among the business men of our State.

Prominent among the names of the old residents of Poland Corner, we find that of Hon. David Dunn. Born at Cornish,

Maine, in 1811, he pursued the study of law at the office of John Fairfield, of Saco, and, after being admitted to the bar in 1833, he settled at Poland Corner, where he resided until his death, on February 17, 1894.

He was a representative from his town for a number of years, was at one time Senator, at another Speaker of the House, and by a peculiar coincidence was, for one day, Governor of the State of Maine. He was also appointed clerk in the Post Office Department at Washington in 1857, which position he retained for several years.

He was a man of ready wit and a native quickness of repartee, which he used to good advantage in upholding the principles of the Democratic Party, of which he was a lifelong and enthusiastic adherent.

Another noted man in our early history was Colonel Joseph Freeman. Settling in Poland in his early manhood, he in company with Captain William Ladd, of Minot, built, at the southerly end of the bridge at Minot Corner, the first wholesale store in our town, from which all the staple articles of those days were dispensed to all the country around. In the basement of this store was a mill for the manufacture of linseed oil, the only mill of the kind in this part of the State. Later in life he, in company with his son-in-law, T. F. Lamb, engaged in the shoe business, and started the first shoe factory in Poland. Colonel Freeman's two sons, Joseph H. and Charles, both served in the Union army during the Rebellion. Joseph went out first as a lieutenant, and rose to the rank of captain. After the war, he became a successful teacher in the West, and is now State Superintendent of Schools for the State of Illinois. His brother Charles died soon after the close of the war, respected by all who knew him.

Thaddeus R. Doten came about the same time as Milliken and Freeman, and settled in the same neighborhood, where he built up an extensive business in wood-turning. He was an active man in church matters, and with a few of his neighbors organized the Methodist church at Minot Corner. His family consisted of seven sons and three daughters, all born in Poland, and educated in the common schools. His eldest son, John W., was a teacher of considerable note, but died in his early manhood. The other six sons were all more or less distinguished as business men,—Charles Henry and Mellen T., in

Boston; and Samuel C., Ansel R., Roswell F., and Edgar, in Portland.

In speaking of our famous men, we must not forget those noble sons of toil, whose labors felled the primeval forest, and laid the foundation of our present agricultural prosperity. Probably no man did more to develop the splendid agricultural resources of our town than Thomas Frank. Coming into our borders nearly eighty years ago, he settled in that part known as Hardscrabble, then a wilderness without even a road, so that he was obliged to go to Minot Corner in a boat up the Little Androscoggin for his supplies. With tireless energy he cleared up a fine, large farm, and made a comfortable home for his family of eight sons and two daughters, all but one of whom lived to become useful men and women. Of the sons, Whitney, Thomas, and David became farmers. The first two now occupy high positions as successful tillers of the soil. John C., a deaf mute, became a shoemaker, and by his industry and shrewdness accumulated a snug little fortune. James, another deaf mute, still works a portion of the paternal farm. Alpheous W. is employed in a piano manufactory in Binghamton, N. Y., and Zachariah J. resides in Marlboro', Mass.

In the western part of our town, two men who deserve special notice were Nathaniel and Amaziah Keen. By their intelligent cultivation of the rugged soil they were able to provide their families with the comforts of life, and to exercise a generous hospitality toward all who entered their doors.

No two men of Poland deserve to be more honored for exemplary lives of intelligent industry than these two Keens; and to-day, Isaac H. and Everhard A., sons of Nathaniel and Frank Keen, son of Amaziah, on the paternal homesteads, are keeping even pace with the foremost in progressive agriculture.

Deacon William Stanton deserves to be mentioned on this occasion as one of our prominent men. Born and educated here, he was a true Poland man, one of those that give character to the community in which he lives. He was an intelligent agriculturist, and cultivated successfully a fine farm on White Oak Hill, where he took a lively interest in church affairs. He also at one time ably represented our town in the Legislature. His two sons, James H. and Benjamin, have been exemplary townsmen, James H. being at one time on the Board of Selectmen.

Among the men who have developed the agricultural resources of the south part of our town, none is more deserving of special notice than Alfred G. Thurlow. As an enlightened farmer he had no superior, and his solid, manly virtues won him the respect of all who knew him. He was something of a local politician, and was several times a member of the Board of Selectmen, and of the Republican town committee. His unflinching integrity will never be forgotten by those who knew him best.

I must not omit to mention, in this connection, that prince among Poland farmers, Charles H. Cobb. Taught from his boyhood to draw his sustenance, his comforts, and his luxuries from the soil, he has studied its capabilities until he has become, in his calling, a master of the situation. Nor does he selfishly turn all his knowledge to his own account, but through the Grange gives it freely to others.

His name is familiar to farmers in all parts of our State, and he finds a warm welcome among them wherever he goes. He never seeks political honors, his highest ambition being the improvement of Maine agriculture.

Probably the most famous orchardist of our town is Daniel W. Pulsifer. Accustomed to the care of fruit trees from childhood, he has become an authority in the business, and his extensive knowledge of his calling, together with a thorough understanding of all the principles of modern farming, entitles him to be considered one of our famous men.

Benjamin F. Cobb is another of our citizens who has demonstrated to the world that farming can be made to pay, and well deserves a place among the eminent agriculturists of the town.

One more class of noted men remains to be mentioned. I refer to those who went forth to defend our flag and uphold our principles, when an armed rebellion threatened even the life of our Nation. I regret that I am able to mention only a few of the noble men of Poland who risked their lives in the defense of our country, but while mentioning that few, I wish to assure the many that we all consider them equally as much men of fame as those I am able to speak of. First among our brave soldiers, I call your attention to Captain Nathan Walker, an adopted son of Poland, who, under a rough exterior, carried as true and brave a heart as ever beat in the bosom of man.

During his military career he was several times complimented for his bravery by his superior officers, and when he had built a bridge over an important river, and half a mile of good road in three days almost without tools, he was honored by its being publicly proclaimed to the army that the place should be known as "Walker's Bridge."

Another group of soldiers worthy of mention are the Verrill brothers, sons of Charles Verrill, of East Poland. The oldest of these brothers, Samuel H., prompted by patriotism alone, paid his fare nearly five hundred miles to San Francisco to enlist in California's quota, and, after serving three years in the mountains of the Pacific coast, came East and re-enlisted for the remainder of the war. If I am not misinformed, four more of the brothers were in the Union army at the same time. Has not Poland a right to be proud of such a family of patriots?

In the eastern part of our town lives another veteran of the Civil War. I refer to Isaac P. Davis, who passed safely through thirty-three hard-fought engagements. I consider this enough to establish his title to a lasting fame.

I have now mentioned a few of the prominent men who were either natives of Poland or from choice had their homes here. Many more have been or will be mentioned by others who have spoken, or will speak, to you to-day.

And now to the young men of Poland I would say: The destinies of this great town will soon be left in your hands. See to it that the progress of the next hundred years equals that of the century that has passed away; so that, when our children's children shall assemble here to celebrate our next Centennial, your names may be added to the list of "our men of fame."

THE CHAIRMAN—The next toast is "The Early Settlers," and to respond to this I shall invite one of our former townsmen and new neighbors, a member of the Maine Historical Society,—Mr. J. W. Penney, of Mechanic Falls.

J. W. PENNEY—Macaulay, the historian, says, "A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants." This is but saying that the people who do keep green the memory and deeds of their ancestors, are a people in whose veins runs the noblest and richest blood of



J. W. PENNEY.

the earth. The higher the plane of civilization and refinement, the greater the development of this trait in the human family. A people low down in the scale of civilization have only histories of myths and legends.

To the New Englander of to-day, there is a halo of exquisite romance that entwines the memory of the early settler, so full of stirring incident, heroic achievement and sublime faith, that it charms and thrills and stirs the emotions of the soul, promoting patriotism and love of country, and inciting to nobler living. We love to look back and peer into the dim and misty centuries of the past, scan the acts of the pioneers of our country, speculate on their environment, and wonder at their incongruities, their superstitions, their fortitude, courage and heroism, their love of country, and their marvellous success that has, in the evolutions of the centuries, made the best nation on earth. We love to review, step by step, the growth of liberty's tree, planted in hope and reliance on God, watered by tears, and defended by strong arms, until it becomes great and glorious New England, with all the name New England implies. We delight in letting the imagination run back to the scene at the mouth of the majestic Kennebec—the Sagadahock of the red man—where, in 1607, George Popham and his one hundred colonists founded a commonwealth. Had it not been for his untimely death, it is probable that the Sagadahock would have antedated Plymouth Rock thirteen years, and Maine's most historic and beautiful river would have possessed the honor of the landing, and the founding of New England, instead of the dreary and sandy shores of Cape Cod.

But the Pilgrim of 1620 would have perished with hunger, had not the early settler at Pemaquid, Maine, fed him on bread and fish; and a little later he found his richest estate in trade with poor "Lo," on the Kennebec at Cushnoc, now the capital of Maine.

Pemaquid, Maine's first generally conceded settlement, commenced in 1623. In 1624, John Brown, whose pedigree reaches back to Adam, with the characteristic policy of the early settler, bought of Sagamores, Samosett and Unongoit, for fifty beaver skins, what is now Bristol, Bremen and Damariscotta, with the Islands of Muscongus thrown in. The deed for this remarkable transaction in realty is the first deed of conveyance of American soil. It was recorded a hundred years after-

ward at Charlestown, Mass., and its acknowledgment is a model of neat and compact formula, still followed, that well entitles its writer, Abraham Shurte, to be called the father of American conveyancing. He settled in Pemaquid in 1626, the year of his acknowledgment of the deed, coming from Bristol, England. He died at Pemaquid at a ripe age, honored as an honest man and an upright magistrate.

J. W. Thornton, Esq., one of Maine's esteemed historical writers, says: "The civilization of New England was initiated at Pemaquid." The unwritten history of Pemaquid, that is being slowly evolved from the silent testimony of witnesses, recovered from beneath the green sod, will yet make the most fascinating chapter in the annals of Maine's early history. They now mutely speak of five nationalities who converted the place, and shed each other's blood on its historic soil.

The beautiful islands that embellish Maine's picturesque coast, sown seemingly by the Almighty hand, in exquisite confusion, were the chosen places of the early voyagers to our shores. Strictly speaking, they are not recognized as settlements, for the reason that they were not continuous. Their sudden and mysterious abandonment was frequently due to the unchristian habits of their neighbors.

Christover Leavitt, in 1623, sailed along our coast. Pleased with what we now call Portland, which he said was called Quack, he named it York, and founded a colony of ten men on House Island, and built a fort, which he describes as a "fortified house, in a reasonable fashion, strong enough against such enemies as are those savage people." Leavitt's fort, it may be, was the prototype of Uncle Sam's formidable Fort Scammel, that now, with its ten and fifteen inch bull dogs, guards the entrance to Portland harbor. Leavitt was a Christian, if we may believe what he has written of himself. The people he found at Quack have never written a history. His six thousand acre patent must have included Portland and its environs. Poor Leavitt! He planted his colony, sailed away and never returned. He may, in a limited sense, be called Portland's first settler; but not until George Cleaves and Richard Tucker built their cabins at the foot of Munjoy Hill, near the present India street, in 1632, did Portland really commence to be the first city of Maine, then known by the name of Machigonne.

Richmond's Island, near Cape Elizabeth, claims the honor

of being the first real settlement of ancient Falmouth. Walter Bagnall, in 1628, hung out his sign here for trade with poor "Lo." By his unscrupulous methods he for three years made "big money," but also brought down on his own pate the vengeance of his customers, and they wiped him out and divided his spoil. He was a squatter and possessed no title to the island. In 1855 an earthen pot containing silver and gold was turned up by the plough near his residence, perhaps some of his ill-gotten wealth, rather than the treasure of Captain Kidd. His immediate successor was Robert Trelawney, who obtained a grant of the island and Cape Elizabeth in the year 1631. His agent, John Winter, settled on the island and lived there until his death, in 1645. By his energetic and wise management he built up a large trade and a commerce probably not exceeded by any place on the coast of Maine at that time. He built a vessel here and had in his employ sixty men in the fishing business, besides other industries, making Richmond's Island the emporium of ancient Falmouth. The Rev. Robert Jordan, marrying Winter's daughter, became his administrator, and ultimately the possessor of the entire grant. He is the Genesis of American Jordans, and his descendants are as the stars for multitude, numbering to-day probably more than ten thousand souls. The Samuel Jordan, an early settler of Bakerstown, whose remains lie in yonder ancient church-yard in the woods, was undoubtedly one of his descendants.

The early settler on our coast had, on one hand, the wealth of the ocean, and on the other the vast riches of the virgin soil.

"As off land stretched the boundless, restless sea,
So inland stretched the mighty sea of pines."

Maine's early settler could not long be satisfied with the narrow ribbon of settlements along its rugged coast, which was all border until about as late as 1736, when, with a desire that rose above all obstacles and dangers, he, with invincible courage, carved himself a home in the vast wilderness, and gradually, tier upon tier, the towns were built as "Westward the star of empire pushed its way."

In 1736 Bakerstown was granted to the officers and soldiers that served in the disastrous campaign against Canada in 1690, commanded by Governor Phips. Large numbers of these soldiers must have passed beyond the want of land. Cotton

Mather quaintly says of them, "Some hundreds of them came short of home." This grant, then, must have been a gift to the sons of the veterans who found a grave before the walls of Quebec, or perished in the waters of the St. Lawrence. Perhaps, now and then, a solitary survivor, with axe and gun, guided by blazed trees, found his sixty-acre lot and built his cabin, only to discover, in 1741, that his hard-earned claim was in New Hampshire, and must be lost with all its improvements. A new township was granted the proprietors, but it does not appear that any settler had the hardihood to venture so far from the border settlements into the primeval forest until after the fall of Quebec in 1759, which forever put to an end the power of France to incite and arm her terrible allies, the red men, in their awful work of destruction on the fair hills and valleys of Maine.

Of the sixty proprietors of ancient Bakerstown, none can be traced as becoming actual settlers. Happily, I am able to trace one of these honored names, whose ancestor perished in the siege of Quebec in 1690. The Stephen Longfellow mentioned in the list of proprietors' names was the son of William Longfellow, who fell at Quebec. The name Stephen was continued down the generations of the family until we find Stephen Longfellow born in Gorham, Maine, March 23d, 1774, and married in 1804 to Zilpah, daughter of General Wadsworth. He was the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Maine's most gifted and best beloved poet.

The power of the Indians broken, a few daring spirits began to explore the new township of Bakerstown, but not until about ten years after the treaty of peace with France do we find there were any settlers in Bakerstown. And then 'twas difficult to find a sixty-acre lot that did not belong to Josiah Little. Many a poor settler was driven from his clearing and lost his all by the inexorable logic of Dan Reed, who held in his hand a bit of paper that told the hapless settler that he must *get*, for he was a squatter on the land of Josiah Little.

Some of the first settlers' names that have come down to us are Nathaniel Bailey, Daniel Land, Moses Emery and John Newman, who settled at the Empire in 1768-9. David Pulsifer settled here in 1790 and planted the Pulsifer tree, whose branches now reach over entire New England.

Moses¹ Emery was one of those rare geniuses who could build a saw-mill with a broad-axe and pod-auger. Worthley Brook was not large enough for his aspirations, and he built Bakerstown's first mill on the Little Androscoggin, at Minot Corner, established a ferry, and became the happy father of the first boy of Bakerstown, winning the prize of a farm. The boy he named Moses². He was born September 20th, 1772; built the first mill at Hackett's Mills. At fifty he became a Methodist minister, preaching wherever he could find an audience, and school-house or barn for a pulpit. In 1843 he became an Adventist and predicted the end of the world that year. He died at Livermore Falls November 4, 1861, and was buried at Lapham's Corner, in the little now abandoned cemetery by the roadside, beside his wife Susan. In about 1887 they were by relatives removed to Mount Auburn Cemetery and tombstones erected to their memory, inscribed as follows:

Rev. Moses Emery, died Nov. 4, 1861, aet. 89 yrs. "Asleep in Jesus."

Susan, wife of Rev. Moses Emery, died June 8, 1858, aet. 84 yrs. "Happy in life, triumphant in death."

His son Moses³, born July 16, 1794, became a lawyer of eminence. He died in Saco, May 12, 1881.

Moses senior's second son, Nathan², was born August 5, 1780; was converted under the preaching of the noted Jesse Lee, and began to preach at the age of nineteen. His field of work was New York and Ohio. He was an eloquent preacher, noted for his deep and uniform piety. He died December 18, 1845.

His (Moses senior's) third son, Stephen², born April 29, 1790, graduated at Bowdoin College. He was judge of probate for Oxford county, attorney-general of Maine, chairman of the Board of Education, member of the Executive Council, and judge of the District Court.

The now quiet little village of Minot Corner, a hundred years ago, was the metropolis of Bakerstown, and Moses¹ Emery was the principal man of the place. He was the sixth in descent from John Emery, who emigrated to this country from England in 1635, settling in Newbury, Mass. He was a man of more than average intelligence; genial and sunny, he looked on the bright side of life. Active and of good judgment, he was a representative man of his time, and repre-

sented the town in General Court at Massachusetts Bay. It is a gratification to know where reposes his honored dust. After much inquiry and search, I find that he and his wife were buried in the ancient churchyard adjoining the Congregational Church at Center Minot. Marble stones have been erected to their memory by their son Stephen, inscribed as follows:

Moses Emery. Born in Newbury, Mass., February 11, 1744. Died at Minot, April 28, 1836.

Ruth Bodwell, wife of Moses Emery. Born in Bethuen, Mass., February 13, 1750. Died at Minot, November 28, 1831.

Without successful contradiction, to Moses¹ Emery belongs the honor of naming the town of Poland, the name having its origin from a favorite psalm tune of his, and presented by him with the petition to the General Court of Massachusetts Bay.

Nathaniel Bailey, the reputed first settler of Bakerstown, perpetuates his name in "Bailey's Hill," on whose picturesque slope he settled, and like a monarch surveyed the vast "empire" that lay spread before him. Obeying the Scripture injunction, he replenished the hill with little Baileys. To him and his wife Abigail were born children as follows: Rhoda, born April 9th, 1781; Edmund, born April 5th, 1783; Hannah, born August 6th, 1785; Moses, born June 25th, 1789; Samuel, born June 19th, 1792. His son Edmund married Sally Lane in 1808, and their children were Lewis, Mary, Edmund, Benjamin, Sylvanus, Sarah, Cynthia, Otis, David, Ann, Rhoda, Willard, Abigail and Lorenzo—fourteen children, three of whom are now living, namely, Lewis, Willard and Lorenzo. On the west side of Waterhouse Brook, on the hill near the bridge, at Poland Corner, was located the first cemetery in this part of the town. Its site is now obliterated. Here, it is very probable, reposes the dust of Nathaniel Bailey, Bakerstown's first settler.

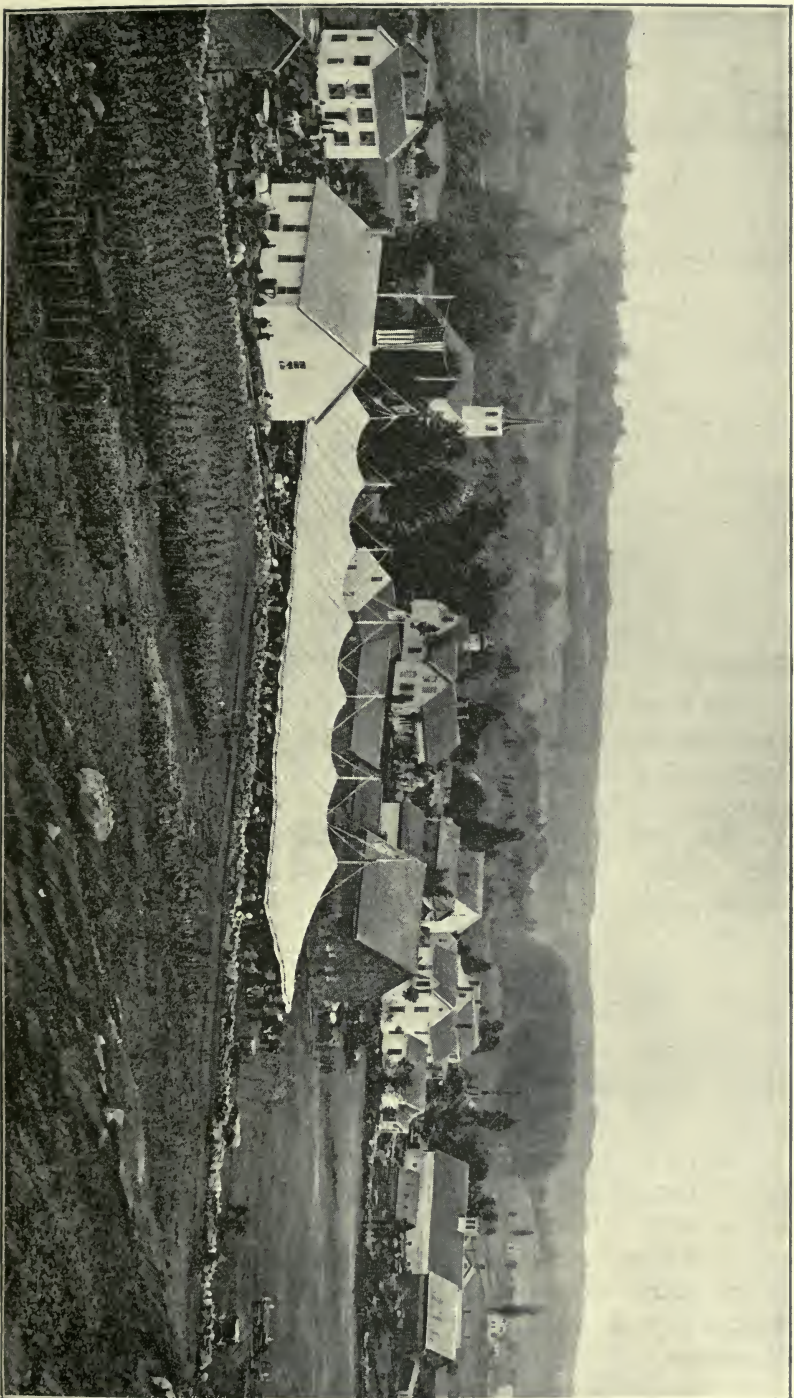
The picturesque hills of Poland, many of them, derived their names from the early settlers, and Johnson Hill undoubtedly comes from James Johnson, who was a cutter of mast timber in Thompson Pond Plantation, under a license of the King, before the Revolutionary War. He was born March 22d, 1735, and married Elizabeth Porterfield. He died in Poland, June 16th, 1831. His ancestors were of Scotch descent, coming to this country in about 1692. He probably

served in the French and Indian Wars, for he was first lieutenant of Captain John Brackett's company of Stroudwater, who marched in the Lexington Alarm as far as Wells, when they were ordered to return to Falmouth. In Captain Brackett's company he marched to Cambridge in July, 1775, and joined Colonel Phinney's regiment. He became captain, December 31st, 1775, and was major in 1779. After the war, he moved to what is now Poland, in 1791. He, with four others, bought one thousand eight hundred acres of land adjoining Thompson Pond, it being unappropriated land. His family consisted of eleven children, namely, William, Martha, Joseph, James, Catharine, Nancy, Jeremiah, Lyman, David, Charles and Ruth.

Charles married a niece of Admiral Tate, so prominent in the history of Portland, and their daughter Ann married Joseph Walker, who has made munificent gifts for public purposes, there yet remaining a fund of \$250,000 to be divided among charitable and literary institutions in Cumberland County. The grandfather of the James Johnson who settled in Poland, whose name also was James, was a ferryman on the Spurwink River, on the route of the ancient King's Highway, from Falmouth to Boston. He died in 1740, a very old man. His descendants of the seventh generation in the full activities of life yet reside on the shore of beautiful Thompson Pond.

Ricker Hill, grand, majestic, unique! The name vibrates a chord that is heard around the earth! Before Adam, nature gave birth to the hill, and established her exquisite alchemy of beauty and health and joy, in perpetual perfection. The Ricker ancestral tree sprang from Saxon soil. A century of hotel keepers, they have developed the rugged old hill into a sanitarium, world-renowned, a paradise of health, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The moss covered, weather beaten, uncouth field stone, just protruding from the ground in a neglected corner of the old churchyard, tells its pathetic story of the early settler, who in the lowly walks of human life, toiled and struggled, hoped and endured the storms of life, and went to rest, unlettered and unknown. Descendants of Puritan stock, they were God-fearing, brave, patriotic, honest, lowly toilers. They are the unknown heroes who, in their humble way, helped to raise



VIEW OF POLAND CORNER, CENTENNIAL DAY.

the glorious fabric of a commonwealth, the most beneficent on the face of God's green earth. Here in some of their unknown graves may lie the dust of

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

LETTERS OF REGRET.

The following letter was received from Governor Cleaves, in reply to an invitation to be present at the exercises of Poland Centennial:

STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, Aug. 16, 1895.

CHAIRMAN CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE, Poland, Maine:

MY DEAR SIR: Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of August 13, inviting me to attend the Centennial Anniversary of the Town of Poland, of September 11, 1895.

You will allow me to express to you my appreciation of your cordial invitation, and I regret exceedingly that my engagements are such that I find it impossible to attend.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) M. B. CLEAVES.

The following from the Hon. William P. Frye, United States Senator:

SQUIRREL ISLAND, Aug. 13, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours inviting me to be present at the Poland Centennial, is received. It would be a great pleasure for me to accept, and I regret greatly that I have already made engagements for the month of September that will prevent. If my conveniences alone were to be consulted, I should remove the obstacle, but several others would be very much discommoded.

Very truly,

(Signed) WM. P. FRYE.

The following from Captain Joseph H. Freeman, former resident of Poland, and at this time Superintendent of Schools in the State of Illinois:

McHENRY, ILL., July 16, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR: Replying to yours of the 12th, I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kind invitation to attend the Centennial Anniversary of the town of Poland, September 11, and respond to the toast—"Our War Record."

I do not know what would give me more pleasure than to meet the much loved friends of my youth and early manhood. At this writing I ought not to say "Yes," and yet I cannot endure the thought of saying "No."

The fact that the Anniversary occurs the second week of my school year will render it almost impracticable, I fear, to be away from my school duties. Especially so, as one of my principals is spending the vacation in Europe, and will not return till the third week in September. Before giving a final answer, I will talk with some of the members of my Board of Education, whom I shall see next week, when I go home to attend a meeting of the Board, after which I will write you again.

With the kindest regards, I remain,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. H. FREEMAN.

Postal communication, received later:

MY DEAR SIR: I regret exceedingly that I shall be obliged to decline your cordial invitation to be with you September 11. My school duties will prevent me from being present. I cannot tell you how much I regret this.

With kind regards to all present, I am, very cordially,
yours, (Signed) J. H. FREEMAN.

From J. A. Turner, *Hartford Courant*:

HARTFORD, CONN., Aug. 18, 1895.

DEAR SIRS: Your kind invitation at hand. I shall try very hard to be one of the great family of children who will gather to celebrate the old town's birthday, but I feel hardly competent to reply to the toast suggested. I was barely seven or eight years old when I left, and the reminiscences of a lad

of that age are mostly personal, and incident to the deserved and other spankings that he may have received. I sincerely hope that you will find some other fellow to do this bit of memory's work, which would need a deal of trimming and forgetting to come within the allotted time. Hoping that the celebration will be the greatest kind of a success, and that if circumstances prevent my being present, I will scarcely be missed from the large family, I remain,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. A. TURNER.

The following from the Rev. E. A. Stockman, editor, *World's Crisis*:

CHELSEA, MASS., July 24, 1895.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 12th inviting me to be present at the Centennial Anniversary of my native town, and to take part in the services, is received and appreciated. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to accept your very kind request; but such is the state of my health at present that I dare not promise myself the enjoyment of participating in an event which cannot fail to thrillingly interest the sons and daughters of the always dear old town that gave us birth. The most sacred memories of my life, still fresh and warmly cherished, cluster amid the scenes of my childhood in that historic parish—Poland Empire. I am only sorry that I will not probably be able to be with you in your contemplated celebration.

Hoping you may have a large and interesting gathering, I am,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) E.A. STOCKMAN.

MR. H. W. RICKER, MARSHAL, AND HIS STAFF.

All the officers of this Staff were born in Poland, save Messrs. W. W. Dennen and J. W. Mitchell, and nearly every industry in town was represented by it. Mr. Ricker, of South Poland, is of the firm of Hiram Ricker & Sons, proprietors of the celebrated Poland Mineral Spring, through whose medium the people of every clime have become familiarized with the fair name of Poland. Through the energy of Mr. Ricker, associated with his two brothers, E. P. and A. B. Ricker, from



MR. H.W. RICKER, MARSHAL, AND HIS STAFF.

the establishment of a small country tavern, has evolved the noble dimensions of the Poland Spring House, which, with the quaint and hospitable Mansion House, forms the summer home of hundreds of those representing the wealth and intelligence of our country. The Poland Spring House has a frontage of six hundred feet, and capacity for five hundred guests; the Mansion House, a capacity for one hundred and fifty guests. The latter is the home of the Ricker family, and was first opened as a hotel in 1797, by Wentworth Ricker, grandfather of the present proprietors. Nor does Mr. Ricker's ambition rest on laurels won, for he is ever interested in advancing the educational interests and all that pertains to the welfare of his native town.

Mr. Orren S. Keene was born at West Poland, in the same house wherein he now resides, about 1836, and is therefore fifty-nine years old. He carries on farming to a large extent, and his large and beautiful home, accommodating fifty people, is filled with guests during the summer months. He is also Vice-President of the Fernald, Keene & True Packing Company, packers of Poland sugar corn. Mr. Keene has always taken an active interest in all matters pertaining to his native town. He has served on the Board of Selectmen for many years, and is much respected by all. He is a fine horseman, and added dignity to the occasion.

Mr. W. W. Dennen was born in Oxford, Maine, in 1837 but is of a Poland family; his father, Simeon Dennen, Jr., was born in Poland in 1794. He is of a military lineage. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary War, and his father and grandfather both served in the War of 1812, under Captain Snell, of Poland. Mr. Dennen himself served in the late Civil War, and was the first soldier enrolled from the town of Oxford. Thus, it will be noted that four generations have fought in the three great wars of their country, an instance rare, indeed, and a record of which their posterity should be proud. Mr. Dennen is an active worker in all that pertains to the welfare of his town, and has represented his district in the State Legislature with great satisfaction. He is local manager of the Mousam Manufacturing Company, an industry which employs many men, and is of great benefit to our town.

Mr. H. A. Gerry resides in that part of West Poland known as Johnson Hill, still occupying the house in which



F. A. Pulsifer.
Treas.



J. I. Chipman.
Chairman.

*Publishers
regret they were
unable to get
Mr Herrick's
photograph*

R. S. Herrick.



J. W. Dunn.

he was born forty-five years ago. He is a jeweler by trade, at West Poland, where he started in business in 1881. He is a jovial fellow to meet, a man of strict integrity, and universally respected.

Mr. D. W. Bailey represents the trading fraternity. He is a merchant at East Poland, where he has been in business fully twenty-five years. He started in a small way, but by pluck, ambition, and a push most commendable, combined with honesty and business-like methods, he has, with his brother's assistance, built up a large business. These gentlemen also operate a grist and feed mill.

Mr. F. B. Shackford is an enterprising, energetic and progressive farmer. He also was born in Poland, in the same house where he now resides. He takes a deep interest in all matters concerning his town, and is a cheery, good-hearted fellow, constructed on the broad-gauge plan.

Mr. J. W. Mitchell moved from New Gloucester about twelve years ago to Poland Corner, where he was called to take charge of a butter factory, which is operated on the co-operative plan. He has managed the business of the company in a most acceptable manner, and has developed an industry of magnitude, of which our people may well feel proud.

Thus it will be seen that many of our industries were represented on the Staff.

MEMORIAL WORDS.

As a voluntary tribute, Dr. Albion Cobb, of Casco, communicated the following appreciative lines to a Portland paper soon after the death of one of Poland's well-loved preachers in 1884:

On Thursday morning of March the 7th, in his residence at West Poland, at the advanced age of eighty-seven, died the Reverend James Libby, a Free-will Baptist clergyman, well and favorably known throughout all this region of country.

For an example of an earnest Christianity, as manifested in a holy and blameless life, we may search long ere we find his equal. His life is a full answer to those who continually tell us that a religious profession draws upon us the envy and enmity of the world. Fearless, earnest and zealous, always



R·J·
EVERETT·

F·B·SHACKFORD

S·L·LITTLEFIELD·

H·W·RICKER·

C·L·KEENE·

SCHOOL BOARD.

ready, in season and out of season, to work for his Master, he was universally beloved and respected, and all men spoke well of him. I have known him well for nearly a third of a century, and in all that time I have never heard an ill word spoken of him by high or low, young or old, saint or sinner. A life extending far beyond the measure allotted to man, and earnestly spent in the service of God, is unanimously approved and proclaimed to be perfect by the verdict of more than two generations of his fellow-men.

“Cold were the lips that spoke his early praise,
And hushed the voices of his morning days;
Yet the same accents dwelt on every tongue,
And love renewing, kept him ever young.”

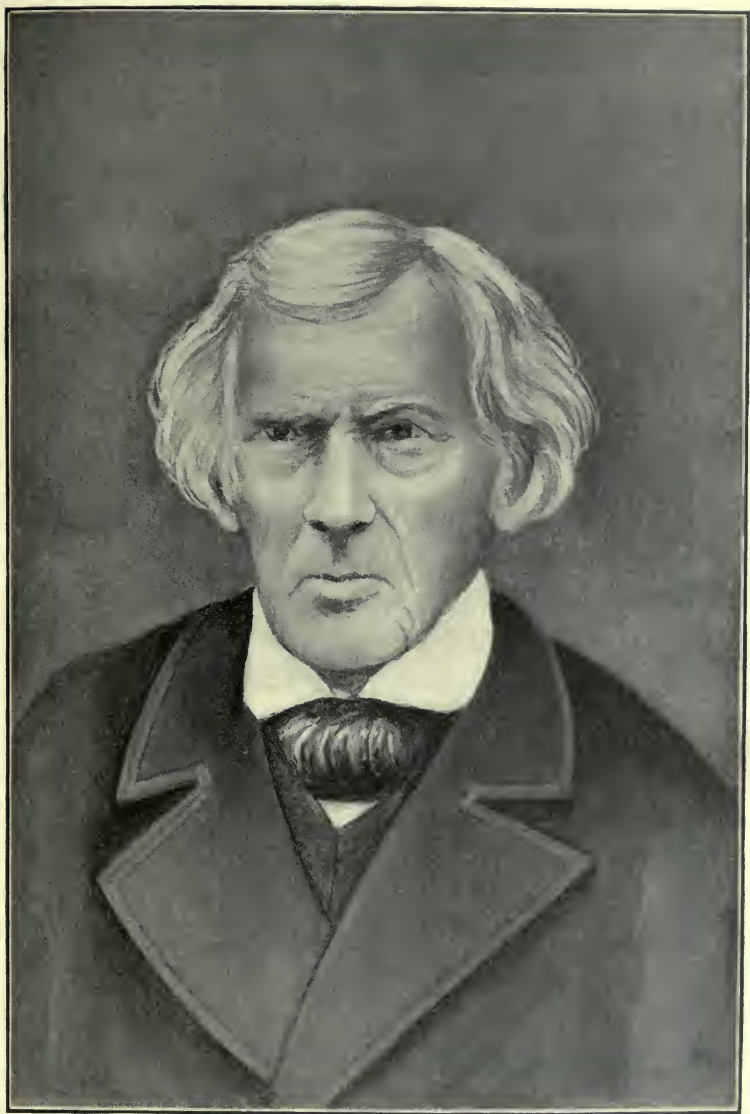
A consistent Christian example like his does more for the cause of religion than thousands of professions and tens of thousands of sermons.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

We now present names of the aged persons in town, most of whom attended the Centennial celebration, and took an active interest in the programme. They are bright, witty and well preserved old people, of whom their posterity may well feel proud.

Mrs. Lucy Snell McCann, widow of Deacon William McCann, was born in Poland, February 22, 1809, and is still living with her son, Joseph McCann, on White Oak Hill. She is in good health, and one of the best preserved and most interesting old ladies in town. She well remembers the first settlers of West Poland, where she was born, and relates with glowing interest the hardships of these people; the trouble they had with intrusions of bears; when carriages first came into general use; and how the people in her girlhood used to travel with oxen, or on horseback. Her mind is as clear as ever, and she certainly is a remarkable woman. She has four sons now living, W. W. McCann, who was orator on the occasion of Poland's Centennial, being one of them. She is also the grandmother of Professor F. E. Hanscom.

Hannah Snell, daughter of Samuel Jordon, widow of the late Moses Snell, a pioneer settler of Poland, was born in Poland, June 1, 1803, and is now aged ninety-two years. She



MOSES EMERY.

THE FIRST MALE CHILD BORN IN POLAND.

is in perfect health, and does as much work as any woman of half her age. She attended the camp meeting each day of its session in 1895, and in October took a carriage ride of fifteen miles. She is a bright, interesting old lady, in full possession of all her faculties.

Moses A. Herrick was born in Minot, Maine, January 17, 1805, and has reached the age of ninety years. He has lived in Poland for eighty years, enjoys good health, and has this season cared for the garden, raising a fine crop of vegetables. He is able to walk three or four miles to visit his friends. At the age of eighty-seven years, he built the chimneys and helped to do the plastering in the house of Edgar Foster. His five sons enlisted, and served their country in the Civil War.

Mary Field, born in Falmouth, Maine, August 16, 1807, now aged eighty-eight years, has lived in Poland for the past forty years. She enjoys good health, and is able to work every day.

Abbey Record, wife of Charles Record, was born in New Gloucester, Maine, August 13, 1808. She died May 5, 1895, aged eighty-seven years.

Lewis Bailey was born in Minot, Maine, February 18, 1809. He has lived in Poland eighty-two years. At the age of eighty-six years he is able to do quite an amount of work, or take a trip to Portland or Lewiston. Mr. Bailey is a descendant of one of the pioneer settlers of Poland.

William Rowe was born in Poland, April 30, 1810, and is now aged eighty-five years. He is in good health and able to walk three or four miles a day. He manages his own farm unaided, and does quite as much work as many men not half as old as he.

Jonathan Lane, born in Poland, February 22, 1812, is now aged eighty-three years. He is in quite good health, and able to do a considerable amount of labor each day, or take a trip to Lewiston or some more distant place for pleasure or upon business.

Hannah Walker was born May 1, 1812, and is eighty-three years of age. She enjoys good health. She is a pensioner of the war of 1812.

Amos Harris was born in Poland, October 15th, 1813. He went to sea as cabin boy when twelve years of age, and followed the sea for forty years. During the Civil War the



HANNAH SNELL.
THE OLDEST WOMAN IN POLAND.

schooner "Arcadia," was captured by the rebel "Alabama," and he, with the rest of the crew, landed in Spain. His share of the Alabama claim was about \$300. He is still in the enjoyment of good health at the age of eighty-two years.

Whitney Frank, born in Minot, Maine, April 15, 1815, has reached eighty years of age. He enjoys good health, and is able to work every day. He has lived in Poland seventy-eight years, and served his town as selectman and collector for many years.

William E. Lunt, born in Hebron, Maine, January 2, 1815, has lived in Poland seventy years. He was one of the keepers of George Knight, the wife murderer, after his arrest, and remembers many incidents connected with the trial of that famous case. His mind now, at the age of eighty years, is as clear as ever, but his health is poor, keeping him indoors the most of the time.

Mrs. Jane Churchill Dudley Emery, born in Buckfield, Maine, January 8, 1813, has lived in Poland thirty-five years. Her first husband, who was several years her senior, was a soldier in the War of 1812. She had three sons by her second husband, two of whom, Samuel and Oliver, served in the late Rebellion. "Aunt" Emery is a loyal, patriotic woman. She has a good memory, and relates with interest her first attendance at school, which was taught in the tie-up of a barn. She lives with her grandson, Ernest Dudley, of West Poland, where she enjoys good health and is nicely cared for in her declining years.

Stephen Fogg, born in Windham, Maine, October 8, 1812, moved to Poland in 1874, where he purchased the Captain John Megquier farm, on which, with his wife, he is still living. He is a well-preserved, energetic, bright old gentleman. He well remembers the administration of John Q. Adams, and has always kept apace with the times. He takes an interest in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the country, and, with the aid of his industrious wife alone, carries on a large farm successfully. He and our esteemed townsman, Moses A. Herrick, are the only two links in male descent in West Poland connecting this with a former generation. May they both live long to enjoy the love and respect of their townsmen!

Daniel A. Thurston was born in Monmouth, Maine, July



MOSES A. HERRICK.

POLAND'S OLDEST MALE INHABITANT.

16, 1808. He came to Poland when a young man, and has lived here since. He is eighty-seven years of age, enjoys good health, and is able to work a large part of the time.

James Dunn, born in Poland, April 9, 1810, is eighty-five years of age. He enjoys perfect health, and thinks nothing of taking a walk of four or five miles. He owns houses in Lewiston which he rents, and manages all his business affairs with the ability of a man in the prime of life.

Julia A. Jackson, widow of the late Reuben Jackson, was born in the town of Raymond in the year 1812. She moved to Poland Corner in 1832, where she has resided ever since. Mrs. Jackson is in very good health, and retains her faculties wonderfully.

THE CHIPMAN FAMILY.

Alden B. Chipman, born in Poland, June 12, 1814, is therefore now eighty-one years of age. He is in good health and able to walk several miles each day for pleasure, and quite frequently attends the meeting of the Grange, in which he is much interested. Mr. Chipman is a descendant of Benjamin Chipman, who settled in Poland in 1779. The earliest knowledge we have of the Chipman family is of one John Chipman, who was born in Dorchester, Eng., in 1614, and was the first one of that name to seek a home in America. He emigrated to this country in 1630, and settled in Barnstable, Mass. Of his children we have been unable to find any record, but his grandson, Seth Chipman, was a resident of Kingston, Mass. When that town was incorporated in 1726, and for fifteen years thereafter, he served it as one of the municipal officers. On September 17, 1721, he married a daughter of Major John Bradford. They had four children. Benjamin, the youngest, born May 23, 1729, resided in Kingston, Mass., where, on May 9, 1751, he married Hannah Wadsworth, a sister of General Peleg Wadsworth, and aunt to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's mother. In 1774 he moved from Kingston, and landed in North Yarmouth, Maine. He then went to New Gloucester, as far inland as any civilized folk at that time lived. On April 17, 1779, he moved to Bakerstown, and, taking up a claim in what is now South Poland, near the New Gloucester line, on land now owned by the Shakers, was the first settler of South Poland, and one of the pioneer settlers of the

town. He had seven sons and daughters, all born in Kingston. He died in Poland, in May, 1787, aged fifty-eight years. His wife died in Poland, in December, 1821, aged ninety-three years. Their eldest son, Benjamin, Jr., born in Kingston, Mass., February 4, 1752, resided in Taunton, Mass., where, in 1776, he married Abigail Milliken. They had seven children, all but the two oldest born in Poland, to which town they moved from Taunton in 1781, and settled on the farm now owned and occupied by their great-grandson, Chester E. Chipman. This farm has been owned and occupied by the Chipman family in direct line from father to son since 1781—fourteen years more than a century. Benjamin, Jr., died in Poland, June 18, 1838, aged thirty-six years.

WILLIAM SCHELLINGER.

William Schellinger was born in Poland, August 2, 1806, and is therefore eighty-nine years of age. He is the son of William Schellinger, Sr., and Betsey Waterhouse Schellinger. He is still in rugged condition. In a recent conversation with him, he remarked that he well remembered hearing his elders relate that Captain George Waterhouse and Joshua Dunn carried the only two Democratic votes for Thomas Jefferson thrown in Poland at the latter's first election, in 1800. The election was held at the house of Captain Waterhouse, now the Barton place (so-called), near Poland Corner. He also said that John Thurlow, grandfather of Alfred G. Thurlow, was the first licensed minister, under the Massachusetts law, in Poland, preaching in various places in town, considerably on Johnson's Hill, and sometimes out of town. Mr. Schellinger's mind is very clear as regards the early history of Poland. He well remembers the cold season of 1816, when but little corn was raised, and there was a frost every month in the year; and as a little boy he was sent out with shears to trim the dead leaves from the stalks, so that the corn might take a new start. He also gives a vivid description of the husking-bees, and how on these memorable occasions three hundred bushels of corn would be husked in a single evening and a considerable amount of New England rum disposed of at the same time. He mentions the first plow he ever saw—a wooden structure, made by one Lazarus Rand, covered with iron straps. He also alludes to the baking ovens of those

days, which were made of stones piled on a large flat rock or ledge, on which a large quantity of dry wood was burned, and which sufficiently heated them to bake the pots of beans and loaves of bread. Mr. Schellinger's memory is very good respecting many interesting events of those early days, and from him has been gained more information about the first settlers of this town than from any man now living.

THE COUSENS FAMILY.

John Cousens came to Poland from the town of Wells, now a part of Kennebunk, in 1798, at which place he had been a ship carpenter, and earned about \$300. He settled on what is now known as Pidgeon Hill, put up a log cabin, and cleared up his farm. On March 15, 1801, he married Sarah Cushman, of Hebron. Mr. Cousens was for many years a large farmer and lumberman. His mode of business was to buy timberland, and run in debt for it, operate enough on it to pay for it, and then let it stand. He followed this method for a great many years, and finally, closing his lumber business, sold his whole purchase to Walker & Trickey, of Portland, for \$40,000, which, for those days, was considered a large sum. He was a leading citizen of the town for a long period, being one of the selectmen and filling other positions of trust; and he was also one of the strong supporters of the Congregational Church at Poland Corner, and for many years paid one-quarter of the minister's salary. His home was a home for the ministers of all denominations; they went there as freely as to a hotel, and the latch-string was always out for them. Mr. Cousens and wife had a family of fourteen children, as follows:

(1.) Samuel, born February 26, 1801. He was a farmer in the town of Poland, where he lived for many years. He also filled numerous positions of trust in his native town. After retiring from farming, he went to Portland and lived there with his son, John Cousens, until his death, a few years ago.

(2.) William, born February 26, 1803. He was a merchant for many years at Poland Corner; was also one of the selectmen, and represented his town in the Legislature. He was a man of marked business ability, and was ever a public-spirited and most respected citizen.

(3.) Sarah, born March 13, 1805; married Dr. Simeon Foss, December 29, 1823.

(4.) Eliza Cushman, born May 6, 1807; married George W. Davis.

(5.) Lucy, born September 5, 1809; married Rufus Soule, September 16, 1846.

(6.) Thomas, born June 29, 1811. He lived on the old homestead until his death, which occurred but a few years since. He was a most worthy and respected citizen, ever loyal and true to all that pertained to his native town.

(7.) Susan Cushman, born August 19, 1813.

(8.) Abigail Deering, born July 12, 1815; married William F. Welsh, July 15, 1841.

(9.) Humphrey, born March 27, 1817. He is now living at Gorham, Maine, the last survivor of this honored and prolific family.

(10.) Mary Jane, born April 24, 1819; married John True, of Bangor, Me.

(11.) Adeline, born April 24, 1821; married the Rev. John H. Mordaugh.

(12.) Harriet Newell, born October 29, 1823.

(13.) Jacob Tewksbury, born June 3, 1825.

(14.) James Deering, born January 27, 1827.

Lyman M. Cousens, son of William, was born in the town of Poland, in 1840. When a boy, in 1858, he went to Minot, and was clerk in a store there, succeeding, in 1862, to the business, under the firm name of Milliken & Cousens, and then of Cousens & Rounds. In 1868, he went to Portland, and became a member of the firm of D. W. True & Co., wholesale grocers, afterward establishing the firm of Cousens & Tomlinson. At the present time he is a member of the firm of Milliken, Cousens & Short, commission merchants and wholesale dry and fancy goods and clothing. He is also a director of the Portland National Bank, director of the Union Safe Deposit and Trust Company, director of the State Mutual Fire Insurance Company, president of the trustees of Evergreen Cemetery, president of the trustees of the Payson Memorial Church, and trustee of the Home for Friendless Boys. Mr. Cousens married, in 1871, Mary E. True, of Portland. Perhaps no absent son of Poland has lived more in the interests of his native town than has Mr. Cousens. Her prosperity always cheers him, as whatever might be agitated to impede her onward march would disturb his loyal heart.

DANIEL W. TRUE.

Very many of Poland's worthy sons, both alive and dead, it would be pleasant to remember, but since our prescribed limits forbid, we can name but a few. With these, Daniel W. True should be included. He was born in Poland, August 20, 1821, and died September 16, 1888. In the year 1855 he became a member of the firm of J. & D. W. True, wholesale grocers, in Portland. He was a man of marked business capacity, and amassed a large property, and by his sterling worth of character he held lifelong the confidence of the community and a large patronage from a wide circle. He occupied many public positions of importance, but though thus engaged, and long away from town, he kept his old Poland home and an unfailing friendship for all his native townspeople, old and young. He married in 1847, Mary F. Milliken. Their only son, Frank D., succeeds his father in the Portland firm, which still holds the old name of D. W. True & Co. This son, Frank, has entered upon the years of manhood with much of the tact and push of his honored father, and besides his local business in Portland, holds an interest in the corn packing industry with Fernald & Keene. He, too, delights to visit often, and stay at times in the old Poland home.

LUTHER PERKINS.

Anything like a true history of the development and progress of Poland would be incomplete without mention of the late Luther Perkins. Born in Oxford, Maine, May 9, 1817, he married Mary L. Waite, and settled in Poland, which became his adopted home; and he was ever loyal and true to her interests, taking an active part in all that pertained to her welfare. Mr. Perkins began business in 1841, as a cattle and real estate broker, and was engaged in this pursuit at West Poland for more than fifty years. In all this time he was well and widely known as one of Poland's most honorable and substantial men. Genial, kind-hearted and courteous, always generous to every good cause, he was a prominent figure in town through the half century and more, filling many positions of trust with dignity and honor, and invariably saying and doing the right things at the right time and place. An honored and respected citizen, a trust-

worthy and faithful townsman, a devoted and kind neighbor and friend, all the noble virtues were in him to be found,—not without faults to be sure, but with a record and character which few possess. He moved to Mechanic Falls, in 1888, where he resided about four years previous to his death, which occurred April 2, 1892.

RICHARD TRIPP'S FAMILY.

On a little knoll, a short distance from the lake at West Poland, which has since borne his name (Tripp Pond), once lived Richard Tripp and his wife, Jane Gustin. It is not known precisely when they moved here, but it was probably about the year 1780, for they were among the first settlers. Little is known of these people beyond the fact that they were honest, industrious, and very respectable. Richard Tripp purchased his land of a proprietor who agreed to take his pay in baskets, of any size Mr. Tripp desired to make. Traveling in those days being chiefly confined to oxen, and a journey of twelve or fifteen miles in winter taking several hours, he conceived the idea of making a basket large enough to cover over a whole sled. This he constructed with a tight fitting cover, and it was used as a vehicle in cold weather for moving some of the early families. It is said that William Emery's family, which consisted of wife and five small children, were placed in this giant basket, packed in straw and warm blankets, in the month of March, 1796, and transported from Gloucester to Megquier Hill, Poland, a distance of fifteen miles, Mr. Emery driving the oxen. It required one whole day to make the journey. This basket, made more than one hundred years ago, is said to be still in existence and carefully preserved by some member of the Emery family, probably the last relic of the handiwork of Richard Tripp. In these later years of pride and fashion, the inhabitants of West Poland have tried to change the name of this beautiful lake to one more romantic, but all in vain, for it invariably reverts to the original Tripp. And may it be known by this name for all future time, as a lasting memento to the courage, honesty, and kindness of this prolific family! They lived in an age when large families were popular, and wishing to keep abreast of the times Mr. Tripp and wife had nineteen children. We are able to give the names of fourteen of these

and it is probable that the others died young. Among the number were two pairs of twins. The list is as follows :

Abigail.....	Born April 17, 1786.
Pecie.....	" June 13, 1787.
Mary	" Feb. 12, 1789.
David.....	" Apr. 28, 1791.
Reuben.....	" Jan. 27, 1793.
Ebenezer.....	" Nov. 13, 1794.
Sarah.....	" Mar. 26, 1796.
Joanna.....	" Apr. 24, 1798.
Abel.....	" Apr. 26, 1800.
Abner.....	" Apr. 30, 1802.
Jane.....	" Mar. 30, 1804.
Thomas.....	" Dec. 23, 1805.
Eunice.....	Date of birth unknown.
Hannah.....	Born Apr. 24, 1812.

Dr. Burbank, the family physician, offered Mrs. Tripp one hundred dollars if she would become the mother of the twentieth child, but the records prove that this offer was of no avail.

At one time, in the school district at West Poland, fifty scholars were contributed to the school by five families, the Tripp family being one of them. On the occasion of the death of Richard Tripp, William Schellinger, then a boy, was passing the house, when the old lady, coming to the door, called to him, saying: "Tell your folks to come to the funeral at ten o'clock, for the old man wants to be off with himself." He afterward learned, however, that she had reference, not to her dead companion, but to the minister. The Tripps have long since passed away, but their memory still survives.

It was learned from one of our oldest citizens that the family was nearly all buried in the old Staples burying-ground, on the south slope of Black Cap Mountain, a cemetery long since neglected and forgotten. It was only by diligent search that it was found. Here on a little knoll, sloping to the South, ready to catch the first gleams of the rising sun, covered with pine and birches, in the midst of a forest, lie the ashes of Richard Tripp and his wife, Jane. There is nothing at the head of the nameless graves here to indicate who lies in the lonely and secluded spot. Nothing but plain stones mark them, and they have become moss covered and drifted over with leaves. It is probable that more than one hundred were buried in this sad and gloomy sepulchre.



THE STAPLES BURYING-GROUND.

BENJAMIN WATERHOUSE.

Benjamin Waterhouse, son of Joseph, who was a son of George Waterhouse of Revolutionary fame, was born in Poland, October 28, 1800, in the house which was his home during his entire life, and which is now owned and occupied by his son, V. P. Waterhouse. He early became interested in the affairs of his native town, and served on the Board of Selectmen for seventeen years, a much longer period than any other man before or since his time. His administration of town affairs always gave universal satisfaction, and his wisdom in settling many serious and important questions which arose in those early times, shows that he was a man of marked ability. He was one of the Board of County Commissioners when the present county buildings were erected; served his district in the State Legislature two years in succession, and was ever a broad-minded, loyal citizen. In politics he was a life-long Democrat, and in religion a Universalist, although he would often say he "wasn't sot in either." He was a civil engineer by trade, and probably laid out more lots and observed more lines than any other man who ever lived in town. In all the business that was entrusted to his care he ever maintained a straightforward and honest policy, and the town of Poland was made better by his life. His death occurred in June, 1891.

Before closing these brief sketches we desire to speak of a most respected former citizen of this town—Mr. Adna C. Dennison. Mr. Dennison came to Mechanic Falls, which was part of Poland till 1892. In 1856 he engaged in building and in the manufacture of paper. He practically created Mechanic Falls, and carried on a large business for many years at that place. He was a most successful paper manufacturer, and an honest, enterprising townsman, ever loyal and generous, taking an active interest in everything that contributed to the welfare of this town. In the early sixties, when the town was financially embarrassed, he even paid his taxes in advance and performed many noble and patriotic acts through those trying years of civil war—deeds which should be remembered by this and the coming generation. Mr. Dennison is now living on a farm on Pidgeon Hill, in the town of Mechanic Falls, and is in feeble health.

INDUSTRIES.

Prominent among the industries of Poland, aside from those already spoken of, is J. S. Briggs's mill at Poland, which has been operated for more than twenty-five years by its present owner. Mr. Briggs has made many improvements and additions since starting his first mill, keeping in touch with the modern methods as they have been developed, until he now has one of the largest and best equipped saw and grinding mills in this section of the State. In connection with his mill business he conducts a large trade in farm and agricultural implements.

The store at Poland Corner is owned and managed by Charles Rowe, who has been its proprietor for about twenty years. This is one of the finest locations in town, and the store has changed hands but few times in the last half-century. Mr. Rowe has lately added a livery stable to his business, and is receiving liberal patronage.

The two stores at West Poland are conducted respectively by George O. Goodwin & Co., and S. A. Megquier. Both firms have been in trade nearly, or quite, twenty-five years, and both have the confidence and respect of their townsmen.

E. A. Storer and W. H. Storer, are each carriage makers, and do a thriving business.

William M. Megquier, at West Poland, carries on blacksmithing, which he has followed for many years, occupying the same shop which was built by his father, Moses Megquier, who established the business here nearly seventy years ago. This long established shop, one of the landmarks of the town, has always received a liberal patronage, and Mr. Megquier is one of the stalwart men of his native place.

At West Poland is also the home office of the Fernald, Keene & True Company, packers of Poland sugar corn at Poland, Oxford and Bryant's Pond. This industry, which has carried the name of Poland to distant parts, is of Poland origin, and of Poland management, having been established in 1888, by Harry A. & C. L. Keene, sons of O. S. Keene, a native of Poland, with B. M. Fernald, great-grandson of one of the first settlers of Poland, as manager. Mr. F. D. True, also of an old Poland family, was admitted to the business in 1891, when the present corporation name was adopted, and

Messrs. C. L. & O. S. Keene became directors. As a Poland enterprise, the first factory was built in Poland. The second factory, at Bryant's Pond was erected in 1891, and the third, at Oxford, in 1892. The business has steadily increased from the beginning, and the concern early became the third largest of its class in the State, shipping all over the country, its product having the endorsement of leading grocers, especially in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco. It finds its raw material in the rich farms of Poland, which are to be numbered with the most noteworthy of Poland's industries. Mr. Fernald, who has been the manager from the start, has made his headquarters in Poland. He is warmly attached to his native town, heartily devoted to its interests, and has always been ready as a leader or follower to help on every praiseworthy movement or good work for its benefit. He has served frequently as moderator of town meetings, and has exerted his influence for every measure for town improvement which his judgment has approved. Mr. Fernald's home is on the old homestead, which has been in the family for upward of one hundred years.

The famous Elmwood farm, at East Poland, owned and managed by J. S. Sanborn, of the firm of Chase & Sanborn, Boston, is an enterprise of which the town of Poland may indeed feel proud. Mr. Sanborn is a breeder of the finest of gentlemen's driving horses, and has one hundred and fifty on the place at the present time. This was originally the John R. Pulsifer farm, and was purchased by Mr. Sanborn in 1886. He has erected and fitted here the most commodious breeding stables in this county. They are models of neatness, and reflect great credit upon the owner. This industry is a great benefit to our town. Mr. Sanborn is a most generous, loyal citizen, and has a constant interest in the welfare of Poland.

The hotel at Poland Corner has been recently purchased by Dr. W. S. Norcross, the celebrated specialist, and has been fitted by him with great care for use as a sanitarium in the future. Dr. Norcross has made many changes about the entire premises, all of which are improvements, and show that he is a man of progressive ideas. We gladly welcome such a citizen to our enterprising town.

While we are mentioning the business at Poland Corner, we would not forget to speak of the Portland & Mumford

Falls Railroad and its genial local agent, Mr. Robert Moore, who helped so much in making satisfactory arrangements for transporting the large company of Poland friends on Centennial Day. This road has been in operation scarcely two years, but, by the courtesy of its management, it has come into general favor, and shares a large patronage, which must steadily increase. It is a great benefit to our town, and is fully appreciated by all.

POLAND'S SONS WHO SERVED DURING THE REBELLION.

Names.	Age.	Co.	Regt.	M. or S.	Date Enlisted.	Remarks.
Allen, Geo. L.	26	F	9	S	Sept. 20, '64	
Allen, Wm. H.	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Archibald, Hira A.	19	D	15	S	Feb. 17, '65	
Atwood, Eleazor H.	22	H	1	S	May 3, '61	Living
Beal, Leonard H.	30	F	13	M	Dec. 10, '61	
Bragdon, Josiah	18	D	15	S	Dec. 10, '61	
Berry, William	30	D	15	S	Dec. 10, '61	
Burnham, Otho W.	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Bridgham, Geo. G.	26	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Brown, Horace J.	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Benson, Clarenton W.	24	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Bowen, Eben	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Bragdon, Joseph R.	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Bray, Stephen	39	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Bailey, Smith G.			5			
Bancroft, John F.	21	I	5	S	June 24, '61	} Sgt. Maj. June 1.
Bragdon, John J.						
Butler, Florentine	18	I	9	S	Sept. 27, '64	Living
Berry, Geo. W.	35	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	
Brooks, Geo.	25	A	1	M	Jan. 9, '65	
Brown, Wentworth M.			7th Battery			
Chaplin, W. Jr.	18	Unassig'd		S	April 6, '65	
Crooker, Ansel F.	21	Unassig'd		S	Mar. 24, '65	
Cole, Isaac	44	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	Living
Cousins, Hanson S.	17	H	14	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Cash, Nathaniel	18	B	10	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Cummings, Wallace E.	27	C	10	S	Oct. 5, '61	
Chipman, Elmer	24	K	1	S	Oct. 4, '61	
Colbert, John	18	G	15	S	Feb. 18, '65	
Cole, Levi E.	34	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Cole, Osgood	30	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Crooker, Almon	23	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Cobb, Charles M.	18	B	31	S	Mar. 23, '64	Living
Cobb, Chipman	42	G	14	M	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Cobb, Marshall C.	20	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	
Crooker, Jonathan	44	G	14	M	Dec. 12, '61	
Chipman, Edward S.	18	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Churchill, Allen M.	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Cobb, Cephas B.	32	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	
Cutler, Stephen P.	30	B	17	S	Sept. 20, '64	
Chipman, Julius G.	20	B	17	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Cushman, Solomon D.	30	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	

Names.	Age.	Co.	Regt.	M. or S.	Date Enlisted.	Remarks.
Chaplin, Samuel F.	21	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Chandler, Ezra D.	40	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Durgin, Geo. A.	20	K	5	S	June 24, '61	Living
Duran, James W.	22	D	15	S	Dec. 10, '61	
Dunn, Geo. B.	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	
Daisey, Chas. M.	33	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	
Dockham, Chas. M.	27	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Donald, James T.	19	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Duran, Josiah	19	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Davis, Lucius	36	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Dennen, Eugene L.	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Davis, Benj.	34	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Davis, Moses B.	21	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Downing, Timothy T.	29	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Dudley, Samuel H.	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Dunn, Bertrand F.	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Dustin, Alfred	24	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Denning, Jabez T.	26	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Deguis, John W.	18	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Davis, Maynard G.	34	D	32	M	Mar. 23, '64	
Dockham, Geo. A.	20	F	10	S	Oct. 4, '64	Living
Dwinal, Orrin	21	G	1	S	Feb. 19, '64	
Durgin, Joseph H.	18	D	9	M	Sept. 22, '61	
Duran, Elliot C.	19	D	9	M	Sept. 22, '61	
Dudley, Oliver P.	18	G	9	S	Sept. 29, '64	
Durgin, Chas. C.	26	K	14	M	Mar. 25, '65	
Davis, Isaac P.	20	C	8	S	Aug. 5, '63	Living
Downing, Jas. W.	44	Unassig'd		M	April 6, '65	
Dwinal, Wellington H.	21	B	1	S	Dec. 28, '63	
Everett, Wm. H.	27	C	5	M	Nov. 2, '65	
Estes, Silas	27	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Edwards, Humphrey S.	45	D	15	M	Dec. 10, '61	Living
Edwards, Joshua	37	D	15	M	Dec. 21, '61	
Emery, Greenleaf	30	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Edwards, Nelson W.	18	D	15	S	Dec. 31, '61	Living
Edwards, Richard	18	D	15	S	Dec. 10, '61	
Edmunds, Joseph Q.	29	B	1	M	Dec. 18, '63	
Fuller, Edward H.	24	C	17	M	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Freeman, Chas. O.	21	K	8	S	Feb. 6, '64	
Freeman, Joseph H.	21	G	23	S	Sept. 19, '62	Living
Fisher, Lucius D.	19	G	23	S	Oct. 15, '62	
Foss, Alvin F.	22	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Field, James W.	21	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
Fuller, Wm. H.	23	A	30	M	Dec. 15, '63	
Fisher, Thomas	25	G	15	S	Feb. 13, '65	
Fardy, John	40	B	1	M	Dec. 28, '63	
Grant, William H.	35	K	5	M	June 24, '61	
Gillson, Luke	45	D	15	M	Dec. 10, '61	
Gammon, Stephen W.	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Gerry, William G.	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '63	
Griffin, Albert	18	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Gerry, James F.	18	B	9	S	Sept. 26, '64	
Greenwood, Norris	35	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	Living
Griffin, Sidney A.	26	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Goodwin, Noah H.	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Gordan, Lewis	30	H	1	S	Jan. 4, '65	
Harris, Chas. E.	22	I	5	S	Dec. 31, '63	
Harris, Tristram T.	22	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Hodgkins, Geo. A.	19	K	5	S	June 24, '61	
Haskell, Frank S.	22	K	5	S	Nov. 9, '61	

Names.	Age.	Co.	Regt.	M. or S.	Date Enlisted.	Remarks.
Herrick, Bloomville.....	19	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Herrick, Freeland M.....	18	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	
Herrick, Geo. W.....	23	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Harris, Albert W.....	20	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Haskell, Samuel F.....	23	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Hanaford, Francis A.....	21	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Herrick, Mark A.....	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Herrick, Rufus W.....	24	B	31	M	Mar. 23, '64	Living
Herrick, Wesley C.....	24	B	31	M	Feb. 23, '65	Living
Herrick, Ronello S.....	18	B	31	S	Mar. 10, '64	Living
Herrick, Granville R.....	18	B	31	S	Feb. 23, '65	Living
Herrick, Mark A.....	19	G	31	S	Apr. 16, '64	Living
Herrick, Nathan.....	22	K	1	S	Oct. 4, '61	Living
Haskell, Wm. L.....	25	B	7	M	Aug. 21, '61	
Harris, Chas. M.....	21	B	9	S	Sept. 22, '61	Living
Harris, Wm. H.....	26	G	9	S	Sept. 20, '64	
Harris, Albert W.....	22	H	14	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Hunnewell, Geo. W.....	21	C	8	M	July 16, '63	
Hunnewell, Isaiah S.....		C	8	M	July 16, '63	Living
Hunnewell, Jas. B.....		B	9			
Herrick, Albert F.....	30	Unasg'd		S	Apr. 6, '65	Living
Hutchinson, Henry H.....	26	A	1	M	Dec. 28, '63	Living
Harris, Chas. E.....	24	B	1	S	Dec. 28, '63	
Hutchinson, Almon H.....	23	B	1	S	Dec. 28, '63	
Herrick, Percival D.....	21	F	9	S	Sept. 27, '64	Living
Hall, Frank H.....		G	23			
Jordan, Levi F.....	25	B	1	M	Nov. 22, '63	
Jillson, Rensalaer.....	22	C	8	M	July 16, '63	
Jordan, Levi F.....	25	K	5	M	Nov. 22, '61	
Jordan, 2d, Joseph T.....	19	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	
Jackson, Geo. W.....	22	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '62	
Jackson, Augustus M.....	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Jordan, Chas. W.....	22	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Jordan, Chas. W.....	23	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Jordan, Henry M.....	25	B	9	M	Sept. 22, '61	
Jewell, Edwin D.....	28	H	14	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Jewell, David.....	21	G	5	S	June 23, '61	
Jackson, Augustus M.....	21	A	30	S	Dec. 15, '63	
Kilgore, Andrew.....	26	G	23	M	Sept. 29, '62	
King, Hiram B.....	29	A	1	M	Feb. 19, '64	Living
Knight, William.....	18	B	9	S	Sept. 22, '61	Living
Kilbourn, Wm H.....	25	Unasg'd		M	Apr. 6, '65	
Kalner, Geo. W.....	18	G	12	M	Mar. 1, '65	
Libby, Silas C.....	20	K	5	S	Nov. 9, '61	
Libby, Chas. S.....	20	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Lock, Elvin W.....	26	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Libby, Silas E.....	22	H	9	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Lunt, Alexander W.....	27	H	9	S	Mar. 22, '65	
Lane, Geo. B.....	20	Unasg'd		S	Apr. 6, '65	
Lamb, Alonzo P.....	32	G	3	M	Sept. 19, '62	Living
Morton, Wm. E.....	31	E	5	M	Dec. 3, '61	
Morton, Lewis J.....	23	G	14	S	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Mills, James M.....	21	C	17	S	Aug. 18, '61	Living
Megquier, Silas A.....	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Marshall, Lemuel T.....	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
Mills, Joseph W.....	18	G	23	S	Sept. 29, '62	
McKeene, Harper C.....	19	G	15	S	Feb. 14, '65	
Morton, Lewis J.....	25	B	14	S	Jan. 1, '64	
Morrin, Lewis.....	20	G	23	S	Feb. 14, '65	
Mayberry, Francis E.....	33	H	14	M	Mar. 22, '65	

Names.	Age.	Co.	Regt.	M. or S.	Date Enlisted.	Remarks.
Merrill, Wm. H.	31	H.	14	S.	Mar. 22, '65	
McKay, Daniel	28	H.	14	S.	Feb. 24, '65	
Mills, James M.	22	Unasg'd		S.	Apr. 6, '65	
Morton, Mark E.	20	Unasg'd		S.	Mar. 24, '65	
Morse, Hezekiah	37	F.	4	S.	Aug. 28, '63	
Marshall, Lemuel T.	19	F.	9	S.	Oct. 4, '64	
Mayberry, Frank E.						
Noyes, John	29	C.	17	M.	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Orr, Daniel	30	D.	15	M.	Dec. 10, '61	
Perkins, Wm. M.	44	G.	14	M.	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Pratt, Cyrus T.	24	C.	17	S.	Aug. 18, '62	
Pratt, Wm. W.	18	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	
Pulcifer, Alonzo	18	C.	31	S.	Mar. 23, '64	
Pulsifer, Eben J.	24	G.	1 Cav.	S.	Oct. 31, '61	Living
Pearson, Chas. H.	22	H.	14		Mar. 22, '65	
Peterson, Orrin L.	26	D.	19	M.	Sept. 23, '63	
Pattee, Andrew J.	32	C.	17	M.	Oct. 18, '62	
Parsons, E. G.		C.	17			
Rounds, Joseph	23	H.	14	M.	Nov. 22, '65	Living
Record, Elhanan W.	37	C.	17	S.	Oct. 18, '62	Living
Ricker, Wentworth P.	23	C.	17	S.	Aug. 18, '62	
Reed, Joseph	28	G.	23	M.	Sept. 29, '62	
Ross, Edward F.	18	A.	30	S.	Jan. 12, '64	
Small, Orrin		I.	1 D.	C.S.		
Stowe, Newton E.	25	B.	14	M.	June 1, '64	
Snell, Alonzo H.	18	G.	1	S.	Feb. 26, '64	
Snell, Albion K.	43	G.	1	M.	Feb. 26, '64	
St. Clair, Alanson W.	19	K.	5	S.	June 24, '61	
Stowe, Newton E.	23	G.	14	M.	Dec. 12, '61	Living
Strout, Chas. E.	22	G.	14	M.	Dec. 12, '61	
Stone, Willard	19	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Seavy, Chas.	18	B.	31	S.	Mar. 10, '64	
Strout, Alfred	18	H.	31	S.	Apr. 16, '64	
Smith, Louville	21	B.	10	S.	July 24, '62	
Tobie, Wm. A.	50	K.	5	M.	June 24, '61	Living
Tripp, Chas. H.	35	G.	23	M.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Tripp, Joseph P.	18	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
True, Thomas J., Jr.	18	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	
Thurston, Benjamin F.	18	B.	31	S.	Mar. 10, '64	
Thurston, Jacob	22	B.	32	S.	Mar. 10, '64	
Tobie, Johrathan L.	22	H.	14	S.	Mar. 22, '65	Living
Taylor, Samuel						
Thomas, Otis	21	H.	20	S.	Oct. 16, '64	
Verrill, John L.	19	E.	5	S.	June 24, '61	Living
Verrill, Horace A.	19	K.	5	M.	June 24, '61	Living
Verrill, Jeremiah	20	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Verrill, Chas. W.	18	B.	31	S.	Apr. 16, '64	
Verrill, Thomas	31	H.	14	M.	Mar. 22, '65	
Verrill, Samuel						
White, Arthur	36	H.	14		Mar. 4, '65	Living
Wallace, Augustine	18	G.	14	S.		
Waterman, Tillson, Jr.	21	C.	17	S.	Aug. 18, '62	Living
Woodward, Wm. H.	21	C.	17	S.	Aug. 18, '62	
Walker, Phineas	32	G.	23	M.	Sept. 29, '62	
Whitman, Geo. L.	29	G.	23	M.	Sept. 29, '62	
Woodsome, Edwin	18	G.	23	S.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Woodsome, David	21	G.	23	M.	Sept. 29, '62	Living
Weston, Richard	18	A.	30	S.	Jan. 6, '64	Living
Walker, Wm. H.	22	B.	9	S.	Sept. 22, '61	
Waterhouse, Charles W.	21	H.	9	S.	Sept. 21, '64	
Walker, Geo. W.	18	Unasg'd		S.	Apr. 6, '65	Living

SUBSTITUTES.

Name of Principal.	Residence of Principal.	Name of Substitute.	Army or Navy.	Date of Mustering.	Yrs.
Archibald, Moses	Poland	Daniel McKay.	Army..	Feb. 24, '65	.. 3
Bailey, Willard	Poland	Otis Thompson	Army..	Oct. 1, '64	.. 1
Bray, Daniel J.	Poland	John McDonald..	Army..	Sept. 5, '63	.. 3
Burnham, O. W.	Poland	Henry D. Bean	Army..	Sept. 22, '64	.. 1
Chandler, Ezra D	Poland	Henry Jordan..	Army..	Sept. 27, '64	.. 1
Cobb, Benj. F.	Poland	Joseph C. Bray.....	Army..	Sept. 27, '64	.. 1
Cobb, Charles H.	Poland	Gandon Louis..	Army..	Jan. 6, '65	.. 3
Danforth, Francis A.	Poland	William Greenwood ..	Army..	Aug. 8, '63	.. 3
Davis, John C	Poland	Abel Mahomet.	Army..	Dec. 27, '64	.. 3
Dennison, Adna T.	Poland	George Brooks	Army..	Jan., '65	.. 3
Dunn, John S	Poland	Henry Farrand..	Army	Jan. 27, '65	.. 3
Dunn, Jonas W.....	Poland	Joseph Burton.	Army..	Jan. 27, '65	.. 3
Edwards, Jonas.	Poland	Florentine Butler.. ..	Army..	Sept. 27, '64	.. 1
Gerry, William.....	Poland	James F. Gerry.....	Army..	Sept. 22, '64	.. 1
Hoyt, Frederick A....	Poland	Adolphus P. Milson.....	Army..	Aug. 5, '63	.. 3
Jordan, Henry N.....	Poland	Ellis A. Briggs.....	Army..	Aug. 3, '63	.. 3
Jordan, John W.	Poland	Chase N. Harris.	Army.	Feb. 3, '65	.. 3
Jordan, Reuben B.	Poland	Jeremiah Tripp.	Army..	Aug. 5, '63	.. 3
Keene, Amaziah A.	Poland	Oliver P. Dudley	Army..	Sept. 27, '64	.. 1
Keene, William	Poland	Lewis Morrin.	Army..	Feb. 14, '65	.. 3
Lane, Charles.....	Poland	Lemuel T. Marshall.	Army..	Oct. 4, '64	.. 1
Mason, Joseph S.....	Poland	Henry Hutchins.	Army..	Aug. 21, '63	.. 3
McCann, Isaac F.	Poland	William McIntyre.	Army..	Feb. 17, '65	.. 3
Megquier, Wm. M.....	Poland	Harper C. McKeene.....	Army..	Feb. 14, '65	.. 1
Mumford Augustus I....	Poland	Charles McGowan.	Army..	Aug. 3, '63	.. 3
Muzzy, Julius	Poland	James Curry	Army..	Aug. 7, '63	.. 3
Nash, Wm. S.	Poland	Frank McCann.....	Army..	Oct. 8, '64	.. 1
Parsons, Fred. H	Poland	Euseb Degreeney.....	Army..	Oct. 6, '64	.. 1
Pierce, Charles A....	Poland	Gilbert Simons	Army.	Aug. 5, '63	.. 3
Pulsifer, John R.	Poland	Joshua S. Spiller.. ..	Army..	Sept. 16, '64	.. 1
Rounds, David.....	Poland	Isaac P. Davis.....	Army..	Aug. 4, '63	.. 3
Russell, Samuel W	Poland	Cornelius Harrington....	Army..	Oct. 17, '64	.. 1
Spurr, Samuel G.	Poland	Oscar P. Hughes.....	Army..	Sept. 27, '64	.. 1
Stanton, James H....	Poland	John J. Marston.	Army	Sept. 18, '63	.. 3
Strout, George E.....	Poland	John Sullivan.	Navy ..	Sept. 23, '64	.. 3
Thurston, Edward E....	Poland	John L. Lippencott.....	Army..	Aug. 7, '63	.. 3
True, Henry.	Poland	John Cotton.....	Army..	Oct. 15, '64	.. 1
Waterhouse, Hannibal H..	Poland	John Hanrahan.....	Army..	Feb. 17, '65	.. 3
Waterhouse, Solon S....	Poland	John Smith	Army..	Feb. 10, '65	.. 3
Wight, Tolman	Poland	John Colbert.....	Army.	Feb. 18, '65	.. 3
York, Wm. F.....	Poland	John Williams.....	Army..	Jan. 9, '65	.. 3

Hiram W. Rucker's
Death

50
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